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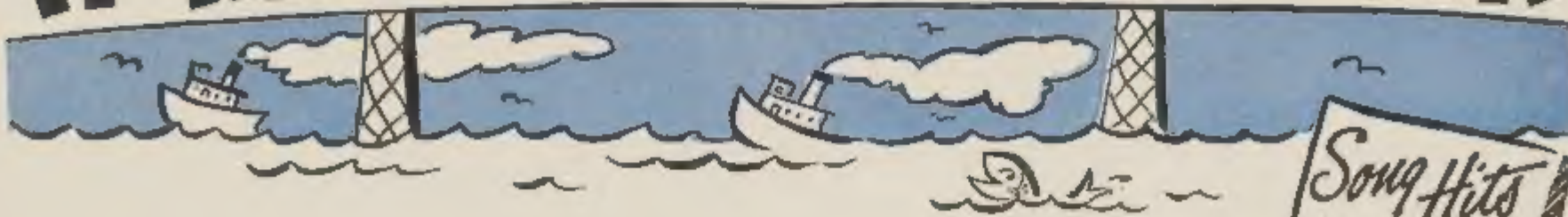
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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Though we can't answer all your letters, we give each one thoughtful consideration. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"A l'Américaine"

Very often our American tourists wonder why my sister and I dress and even talk à l'Américaine. The answer to that \$64 question is "Thanks to C.A.G." 'cause you're the cause of it all. Each time your magazine reaches us, it is as if we could shake hands with all the girls in the United States. It's a grand feeling. We even have to flip a coin to see who will be the first one lucky enough to read it. *Mille mercis from deux voisines.*

E. and M. G.,
Chicoutimi, Quebec

Femininity vs. sports

The article you had on basketball was swell. But I wonder how many girls got the wrong idea. Lots of girls seem to think that the only girls who play this game are the roughnecks who can't find much else to do. That, of course, is pure fiction. Twice a week I go to practice and then we play other sections of our city. We have lots of fun outside of playing. For example, we have had dances for the team and the boys who indulge in this sport were invited as our main guests. Then a few of them asked us to go to other dances and as their partners to the school mixer that is given to celebrate these fine boys. So you see, we do have fun and lots of it.

M. J. E. (no address)

Record Raters

I find on the last few pages, "Record Raters." I believe the article should be enlarged as most girls love to receive help in what's what on records. Record picking is a hard job and this makes it easy.

M. A. B., Forty Fort, Pa.

But we do

Since you are running a new record department could you also include classical records on the list . . . All types could be used: symphony, semi-classical, operatic, etc. A lot of us like this type of music and we aren't at all high-brow.

A. M. P. (no address)

Scotch that rumor

I sincerely hope they don't class all Scottish girls by the few who must have written to you. I have never thought anything but the best of American girls. I have three pen pals from different towns in America and if they are an example of most American girls, I am proud to be able to know them. I love, too, to read what American girls are doing and how they are doing it.

J. D. M., Edinburgh, Scotland

Fan mail from an actress

I received the copy of February CALLING ALL GIRLS and was very thrilled with the pictures of my room. I have received several letters from teen-age fans saying they have seen the pictures of my room.

Barbara Whiting,
Twentieth Century-Fox,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Brothers are O. K.

Just for the information of C. S. (March C. A. G.), there is somewhere in the U. S. A. where a kid brother offers to do his sister's dishes for her. My little brother does my sister's dishes for her quite a bit. Maybe my father doesn't hand out bill after bill but he would if he could. If C. S. wonders why I don't do dishes, I've been in the hospital for two and a half years.

A. H., Eureka, Calif.

C. S. said brothers never do dishes for their sisters, but she is wrong. My brother does the dishes. He does so because I do favors for him. If C. S. did that she would find that kid brothers are nice to have around.

L. S., Laramie, Wyo.

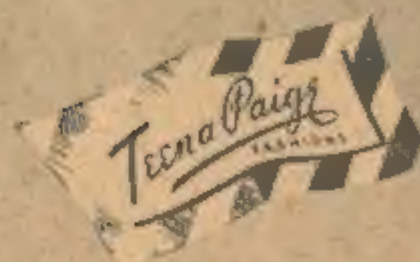
Not so fantastic

I never have gotten anything out of your "Utterly Fantastic Situation" . . . I hope the girl from Detroit, Mich., gets something out of her gag in the January issue because I don't know anyone else who does. Other than that I think C. A. G. is wonderful. It sums up everything a girl can ask for.

R. R., Bertha, Minn.

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Are you always on the bid list—dated up for dances way ahead—in a whirl?

Don't miss the fun—brush up on your dancing! Arthur Murray is just the man to help you. This famous dancing teacher has written a new dance book especially for teen-agers. It's called "Let's Dance." Arthur Murray says the dance instruction in this book is equal to at least \$10 worth of private lessons in his studios!

"Let's Dance" makes learning a breeze. Pictures, diagrams and clear explanations help you master the Foxtrot, Waltz, and Lindy Hop quickly. Arthur Murray gives tips on how to place your feet and how to move smoothly. How to stand and hold your arms so you'll seem light to your partner. Besides, "Let's Dance" gives the fine points of how to lead and how to follow.

A wise gal wants to be up on questions of etiquette, too. Should you talk while dancing? What about "booking" dances ahead? "Let's Dance" gives you the answers so you can relax, be smooth, and have more fun.

Arthur Murray's new book, "Let's Dance," is offered to you by the makers of Wheaties. You'll like these crisp toasted whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow. And send for your copy of "Let's Dance."



HOW TO ORDER YOUR BOOK . . .

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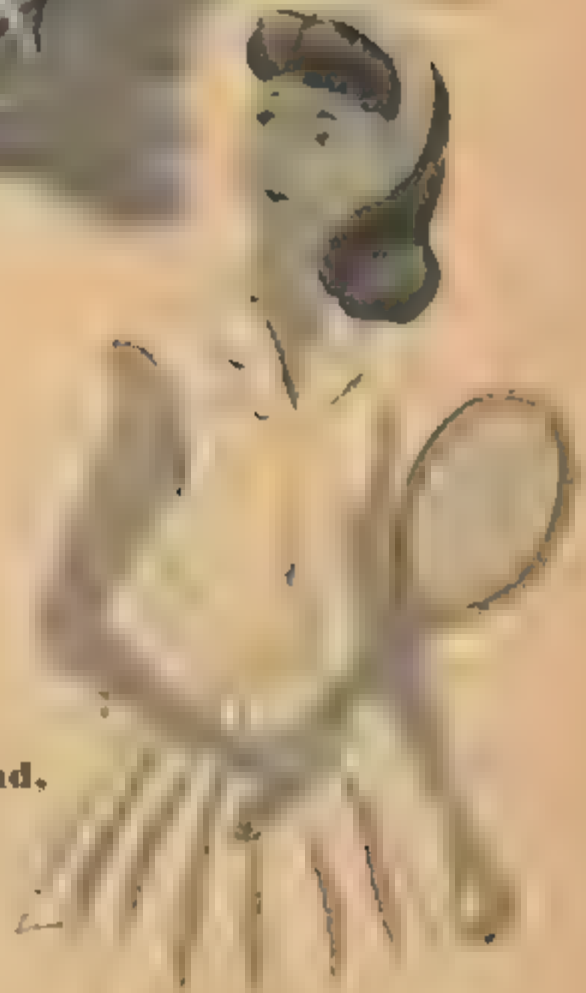
Skirt, \$5.98 Size _____ Color _____

Enclosed check _____ Money Order _____

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____



Triple Trouble

**Sharing a friend with others is all
very well—unless she's your best friend,
and you feel as lost as Nancy did**

By MARY BRINKER POST

WHEN Nancy swung toward the tennis courts, Harriet was already on their favorite court, at the far corner, playing with another girl. A little frown of annoyance went over Nancy's face. She'd expected Harriet to wait for her. Yesterday when Harriet was late, Nancy had waited for her and kept their court free, too.

Now, dodging players and balls she walked past the other courts and sat down on the bench to watch. Harriet, running after a ball, saw her and waved.

"Hey!" she called.

"Hello," answered Nancy moodily. The other girl turned and looked at her. Nancy had never seen her before. She was quite cute, small and dark and quick. She wore white shorts, a white jersey with a school insignia embroidered on it in red. She had a terrific serve.

"What's the score?" called Nancy.

The other girl smiled over her shoulder as she went up to serve "Ad in." She served, a hard, fast, low one that whizzed by Harriet.

Nancy knew Harriet was thinking that one
vote could keep Doris out of the club.



"Wow!" yelled Harriet, slicing the air with her racket. "What a serve! Your game, Doris—and very nicely played, too. Shall I leap over the net and shake hands?"

"How about set for the championship?" asked Doris, shaking her hair back from her tanned forehead.

Harriet looked at Nancy. "O.K. with you, Nancy?"

Nancy shrugged. "Sure." But it wasn't O.K. with her. It wasn't O.K. at all. She sat through the games seething inside. She and Harriet had played every morning unless it rained. Nobody else had ever barged in and broken up their game before. Who was this girl, anyhow? She wasn't from their school and she didn't live in the neighborhood. When at last the set was over, won by Doris, Nancy stood up stiffly, bouncing a ball with her racket.

The two others came over to her, Harriet shaking her head woefully and grinning. "And I thought I could play tennis!"

"You play a swell game, Harriet," insisted the new girl heartily. "Doesn't she?" She turned to Nancy with her bright, friendly smile. "Her backhand is smooth."

Nancy nodded. "Not bad."

"Doris Bowman, Nancy Morrison," said Harriet. "Doris just moved into the neighborhood."

"That's swell," said Nancy coldly, and ran out onto the court. "Are you coming, Harriet?" she called over her shoulder. *

Harriet stood for a minute, talking to Doris, while Nancy sulkily batted two tennis balls over the net. "Do you want to play or not?" Nancy snapped.

Doris murmured something, laughed, and swung off with her racket under her arm. She had a jaunty, independent walk.

"She thinks she's pretty good," thought Nancy crossly.

"O.K." called Harriet, "want to volley a while?"

"No. Let's play. I've got to be home for lunch and it's already ten-thirty." Nancy's voice was accusing and she meant it to be. She wanted Harriet to understand that she'd shortened their own time together by playing with Doris Bowman. Because she was still angry, her game was very poor. Harriet took both sets, the last one 4-0.

On the way home, Harriet chattered on about the new girl. "She's cute, don't you think? And what a tennis player."

"Oh, she's all right, I guess," said Nancy without enthusiasm. "But she thinks she's good, too."

"Well, gosh, she has a right to. She won the school trophy at Stony Brook. Only I don't think she acts snooty. She was lots of fun to play with."

"I've never yet known a girl from a private school who didn't think she was somebody," snapped Nancy, smarting at Harriet's praise of

Doris and her own annoyance at herself for having played such a rotten game. She knew, too, that she was being unreasonable and nasty about a girl she hardly knew. Because she was secretly ashamed of herself, she treated Harriet to a strawberry soda at the Bulldog.

After lunch, Harriet brought over her latest Sinatra records and Nancy got out her Bing Crosby collection and they spent the afternoon playing them and engaging in their usual friendly battle over their favorites. They raided the cookie jar and then Harriet helped shell peas and peel potatoes for supper before going home. Nancy forgot all about Doris Bowman and her anger of the morning. No one was as much fun as Harriet. They saw each other every single day, even on Sunday because they went to the same church. Harriet had been her best friend for three years.

A couple of days later, they met Doris Bowman in the Bulldog. She was sitting at the counter alone having a sundae and Harriet said, "Come on over and sit with us in a booth." Doris accepted the invitation eagerly, and when Nancy realized that the new girl was lonely she felt more kindly toward her. They dawdled over their sundaes for nearly an hour, and listened to the juke box that a young couple kept feeding nickels. Doris confessed that she liked Bing better than Frankie, which made a bond with Nancy. When they sauntered homeward, Nancy decided she'd been hasty in her first judgment. Doris was cute and she was lots of fun.

"I live on the Boulevard, the big white house with the blue shutters. Why don't you both come over tomorrow afternoon and see my room? Mother let me fix it up myself. I've got the walls simply plastered with movie stars' pictures," she invited.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Doris," replied Nancy, "but tomorrow's our club picnic."

"We're hiking out to the lake for a picnic," said Harriet. Then she grabbed Nancy's arm. "But why don't we bring Doris along? Penny Schwartz is bringing her cousin. It'd be O.K. with the girls, wouldn't it?"

Nancy hesitated a second. "Why, yes, I guess so, Harriet."

"Oh, are you sure they'd want me?" asked Doris, looking from one to the other. Nancy knew she'd noticed that moment of hesitation.

"Sure I'm sure. You'll be my guest," cried Harriet expansively. "I'll pick you up at ten in the morning. Wear shorts or slacks and old shoes. I'll take sandwiches for you. The club's furnishing the dessert and drinks."

When they'd left Doris at the corner, Nancy walked along in silence. Then she said suddenly, "Why did you ask her to the picnic? It's really supposed to be for club members, Harriet."

"But Penny's cousin is (*Continued on page 45*)



Ingrid Bergman



Strolling with Charles Boyer in Enterprise's "Arch of Triumph."



A star studies in her portable dressing room for a new role.

GIRL WITH A GOAL

**Not once has Ingrid Bergman
lost sight of the place she wants to
reach in the world of drama**

**By MARY JORDAN
C.A.G. Hollywood Editor**

NOT long ago King Gustav of Sweden conferred on Ingrid Bergman one of Sweden's highest honors—the *Litteris et Artibus* medal which is given for outstanding work in fields of science and art. It was only one of many honors which had been heaped upon her during the year, but remembering how far away success had seemed when she was a girl in Sweden, Ingrid Bergman must have been especially pleased by this recognition.

Like all Swedish children, Ingrid Bergman had been brought up to respect her elders, to be reserved in the presence of strangers, and to be self-sufficient. But more than that, Justus Bergman, artist and photographer, had instilled in his motherless daughter the great gift of fancy and imagination.

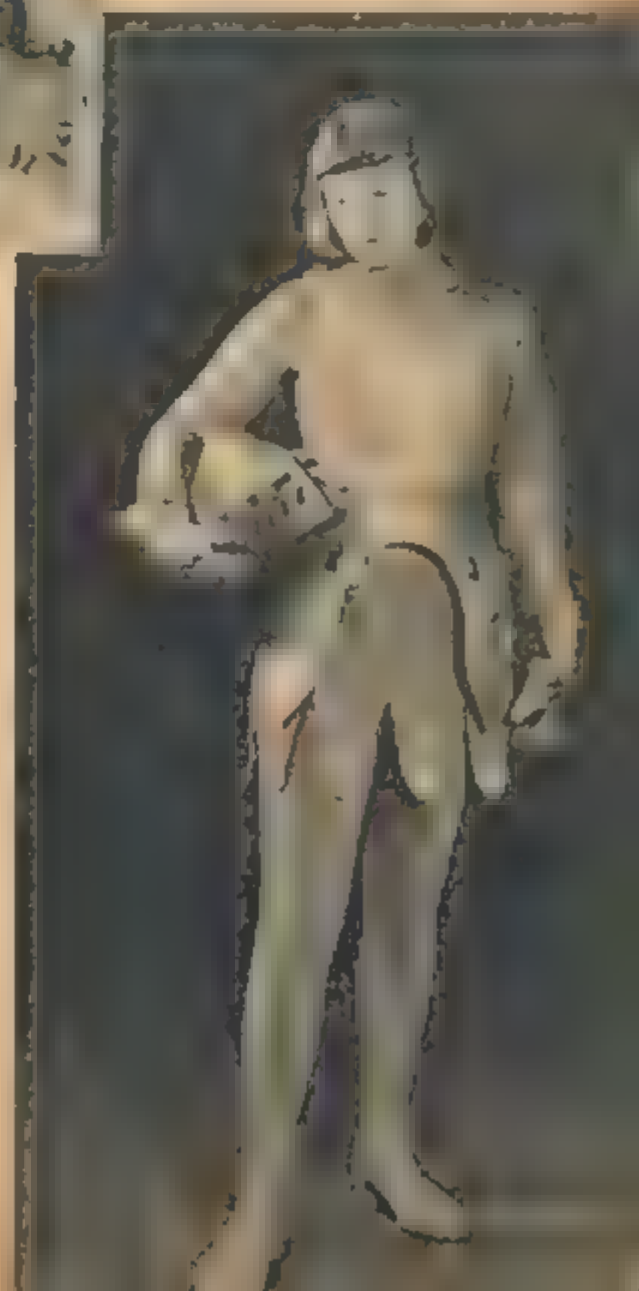
After his death, when she was twelve, Ingrid went to live with her uncle and his five children. Although they were kind, all of them frowned upon her play acting. They considered it foolish and impractical. Ingrid saved enough money out of her limited allowance from her father's estate to buy a phonograph and some very loud records. With the music going full blast, she secretly acted the roles she had learned.

Of course her studies came to light. Once in a classroom at school, the teacher didn't show up. Ingrid suggested the students put on a play. She organized the whole project, and (Continued on page 57)



Lucky kitten! Daughter of Matilda, the wardrobe cat, it's now the star's proud pet.

In the Broadway play, "Joan of Lorraine," Miss Bergman does some of her finest acting.



Gild the Lily

Graduate in white or pastel; gallivant in the same dress, burnished with good-as-gold accessories. Below, a Junior

First graduation dress of Reltex rayon linen with inset bands of cottony lace. See how she glamorizes it for Postgraduate

Dating with gold metal jewelry by Schrager and Alpha Craft, gold kid barrette bow by Ben Hur, and gold and white sandals by Joyce. Dress, about \$9.

at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and wherever Junior First fashions are sold.



After Graduation

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Below, left, CAG Dater by Universiteen (see it on the front cover), about \$11. Behind it, an eyelet-yoked gem by Jewelheens, about \$9. Both of Reltex rayons. Gild with buttons by La Mode, real gold kid belts by Vogue, or fake ones for only \$1. Barettes by Werthley, bracelets by Benedikt, white sandals by Sandler, gold and whites by Sandler and Joyce. Dresses and Midas Touches at E. W. Edwards, Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y. and many stores on page 66.





Whirl Away Into Summer

Down we flew to romantic old New Orleans with the swirliest, whirliest skirted play clothes we could find in the teen fashion market. We invited teen-age members of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club at D. H. Holmes, our New Orleans Official Headquarters Store, to model for us in beautiful Audubon Park, where feathery Spanish moss fringes the huge oak trees. The backgrounds may be as old as history, but the fashions are new as tomorrow!

Above, play suit and skirt ensembles with the flaring hemlines that are yours again, now that fabric-saving restrictions are just a wartime memory. Left, Beverly Harris in Everfast cotton print, styled by Ellen Hewitt of Young Things, about \$11. Right, Jeanne Pettin in checked gingham bloomer suit and bustle-back skirt by Teenard of Dallas, about \$13. See them without skirts on opposite page. Both at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans. Opposite page, button-on blouse-and-skirt outfits by Teen House. Left, Mary Ann Nacila in pastel chambray with fan-pleated skirt that looks just as swooshy when you iron it out flat, about \$15. Right, Connie Loyeana in Everglaze chintz with pinaflore ruffles and circular skirt, about \$13. Both at Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wis. New Orleans teens went for Connie's thong sandals by Cobblers. Don't you? All fashions, sizes 10 to 16, in teen shops of many stores on page 66. More fashions on pages 30 and 32.



There was precious little that the breezy Macey didn't know about plants, or how to plant them. But that little blossomed as awfully big trees when Andy and the girls ganged up on him. One thing about Macey, though,

—no matter how often they yanked

The volunteer sat down under his feet, he always

sample of charte-patine knowledge

BY ANNETTE FERNHAGEN

JURY trials are a waste of time and money, says a Washington Post columnist. He is right. But the trial is the only way to find out what happened. The trial is the only way to find out what happened. The trial is the only way to find out what happened.

הוא נשאל על ידי המורה: "אם כן, למה לא
יש להם שום חשיבות?"

4. In the gentle reproof was too much for Lydie. The girl gave Judy a stern look and then drew

With some new Judy with
quinty what in the
Y I'm a was in the
go was and in the
the at to the was

able to do that but not was
much to say and I don't think
own with a few things to do
know how much her work that.
on. We'll be in our old place
where it seems as if we've never got
at all.

Lyron flailed at her eyes and slowly climbed out of the plane. She cast an apprehensive look to right and left, but always with the notion that God was in the cockpit. She had to make every move with reluctance. "I'm a

"Good thing," Judy said companionably as they started for the flying-school dormitory. "Your cousin's a nice kid, but he sure

"an lie an awful, gay summer time
 in their answer their lady
 gave her a quick look

... a lady went in, if you
wishes a few more crabs, a few
peachling, me fable, a young a
if those very wicked, amper on
him.

1940-1941: 1941-1942: 1942-1943: 1943-1944: 1944-1945: 1945-1946: 1946-1947: 1947-1948: 1948-1949: 1949-1950: 1950-1951: 1951-1952: 1952-1953: 1953-1954: 1954-1955: 1955-1956: 1956-1957: 1957-1958: 1958-1959: 1959-1960: 1960-1961: 1961-1962: 1962-1963: 1963-1964: 1964-1965: 1965-1966: 1966-1967: 1967-1968: 1968-1969: 1969-1970: 1970-1971: 1971-1972: 1972-1973: 1973-1974: 1974-1975: 1975-1976: 1976-1977: 1977-1978: 1978-1979: 1979-1980: 1980-1981: 1981-1982: 1982-1983: 1983-1984: 1984-1985: 1985-1986: 1986-1987: 1987-1988: 1988-1989: 1989-1990: 1990-1991: 1991-1992: 1992-1993: 1993-1994: 1994-1995: 1995-1996: 1996-1997: 1997-1998: 1998-1999: 1999-2000: 2000-2001: 2001-2002: 2002-2003: 2003-2004: 2004-2005: 2005-2006: 2006-2007: 2007-2008: 2008-2009: 2009-2010: 2010-2011: 2011-2012: 2012-2013: 2013-2014: 2014-2015: 2015-2016: 2016-2017: 2017-2018: 2018-2019: 2019-2020: 2020-2021: 2021-2022: 2022-2023: 2023-2024: 2024-2025: 2025-2026: 2026-2027: 2027-2028: 2028-2029: 2029-2030: 2030-2031: 2031-2032: 2032-2033: 2033-2034: 2034-2035: 2035-2036: 2036-2037: 2037-2038: 2038-2039: 2039-2040: 2040-2041: 2041-2042: 2042-2043: 2043-2044: 2044-2045: 2045-2046: 2046-2047: 2047-2048: 2048-2049: 2049-2050: 2050-2051: 2051-2052: 2052-2053: 2053-2054: 2054-2055: 2055-2056: 2056-2057: 2057-2058: 2058-2059: 2059-2060: 2060-2061: 2061-2062: 2062-2063: 2063-2064: 2064-2065: 2065-2066: 2066-2067: 2067-2068: 2068-2069: 2069-2070: 2070-2071: 2071-2072: 2072-2073: 2073-2074: 2074-2075: 2075-2076: 2076-2077: 2077-2078: 2078-2079: 2079-2080: 2080-2081: 2081-2082: 2082-2083: 2083-2084: 2084-2085: 2085-2086: 2086-2087: 2087-2088: 2088-2089: 2089-2090: 2090-2091: 2091-2092: 2092-2093: 2093-2094: 2094-2095: 2095-2096: 2096-2097: 2097-2098: 2098-2099: 2099-2100: 2100-2101: 2101-2102: 2102-2103: 2103-2104: 2104-2105: 2105-2106: 2106-2107: 2107-2108: 2108-2109: 2109-2110: 2110-2111: 2111-2112: 2112-2113: 2113-2114: 2114-2115: 2115-2116: 2116-2117: 2117-2118: 2118-2119: 2119-2120: 2120-2121: 2121-2122: 2122-2123: 2123-2124: 2124-2125: 2125-2126: 2126-2127: 2127-2128: 2128-2129: 2129-2130: 2130-2131: 2131-2132: 2132-2133: 2133-2134: 2134-2135: 2135-2136: 2136-2137: 2137-2138: 2138-2139: 2139-2140: 2140-2141: 2141-2142: 2142-2143: 2143-2144: 2144-2145: 2145-2146: 2146-2147: 2147-2148: 2148-2149: 2149-2150: 2150-2151: 2151-2152: 2152-2153: 2153-2154: 2154-2155: 2155-2156: 2156-2157: 2157-2158: 2158-2159: 2159-2160: 2160-2161: 2161-2162: 2162-2163: 2163-2164: 2164-2165: 2165-2166: 2166-2167: 2167-2168: 2168-2169: 2169-2170: 2170-2171: 2171-2172: 2172-2173: 2173-2174: 2174-2175: 2175-2176: 2176-2177: 2177-2178: 2178-2179: 2179-2180: 2180-2181: 2181-2182: 2182-2183: 2183-2184: 2184-2185: 2185-2186: 2186-2187: 2187-2188: 2188-2189: 2189-2190: 2190-2191: 2191-2192: 2192-2193: 2193-2194: 2194-2195: 2195-2196: 2196-2197: 2197-2198: 2198-2199: 2199-2200: 2200-2201: 2201-2202: 2202-2203: 2203-2204: 2204-2205: 2205-2206: 2206-2207: 2207-2208: 2208-2209: 2209-2210: 2210-2211: 2211-2212: 2212-2213: 2213-2214: 2214-2215: 2215-2216: 2216-2217: 2217-2218: 2218-2219: 2219-2220: 2220-2221: 2221-2222: 2222-2223: 2223-2224: 2224-2225: 2225-2226: 2226-2227: 2227-2228: 2228-2229: 2229-2230: 2230-2231: 2231-2232: 2232-2233: 2233-2234: 2234-2235: 2235-2236: 2236-2237: 2237-2238: 2238-2239: 2239-2240: 2240-2241: 2241-2242: 2242-2243: 2243-2244: 2244-2245: 2245-2246: 2246-2247: 2247-2248: 2248-2249: 2249-2250: 2250-2251: 2251-2252: 2252-2253: 2253-2254: 2254-2255: 2255-2256: 2256-2257: 2257-2258: 2258-2259: 2259-2260: 2260-2261: 2261-2262: 2262-2263: 2263-2264: 2264-2265: 2265-2266: 2266-2267: 2267-2268: 2268-2269: 2269-2270: 2270-2271: 2271-2272: 2272-2273: 2273-2274: 2274-2275: 2275-2276: 2276-2277: 2277-2278: 2278-2279: 2279-2280: 2280-2281: 2281-2282: 2282-2283: 2283-2284: 2284-2285: 2285-2286: 2286-2287: 2287-2288: 2288-2289: 2289-2290: 2290-2291: 2291-2292: 2292-2293: 2293-2294: 2294-2295: 2295-2296: 2296-2297: 2297-2298: 2298-2299: 2299-2300: 2300-2301: 2301-2302: 2302-2303: 2303-2304: 2304-2305: 2305-2306: 2306-2307: 2307-2308: 2308-2309: 2309-2310: 2310-2311: 2311-2312:

The policy he gives you now
of flying is not a K. one
and it is not a K. one again. It is

me thought I could be a sister. I'd go home and—what my dad would like to see was. The Sleep calls me to, only

"Only you're going to fly planes, Lynn. Remember? And if I ever hear of you taking Sam, a ribbing worth it, even if I do." Sam said.

1. *Staphylococcus aureus* (Staph. aureus)
 2. *Staphylococcus epidermidis* (Staph. epidermidis)
 3. *Staphylococcus saprophyticus* (Staph. saprophyticus)
 4. *Staphylococcus carnosus* (Staph. carnosus)
 5. *Staphylococcus sciuri* (Staph. sciuri)
 6. *Staphylococcus hyacinthi* (Staph. hyacinthi)
 7. *Staphylococcus albus* (Staph. albus)
 8. *Staphylococcus citreus* (Staph. citreus)
 9. *Staphylococcus gelae* (Staph. gelae)
 10. *Staphylococcus lentus* (Staph. lentus)
 11. *Staphylococcus marimurum* (Staph. marimurum)
 12. *Staphylococcus pasteurii* (Staph. pasteurii)
 13. *Staphylococcus schweinitzii* (Staph. schweinitzii)
 14. *Staphylococcus simulans* (Staph. simulans)
 15. *Staphylococcus vitreus* (Staph. vitreus)

that a large percentage of the applicants who do not apply for a job are not qualified for the position. The company's management is not aware of this fact and is therefore not able to make any adjustments to the hiring process.

He had perished on his own at his island crewed. "Specs" it was said was in it in the station on the Henderson High eleven—and not without reason.

14. "Fighting, struggling, what is
awarded today, 'Building up the
elects'?"

bird? The cook can't read; me—
but then, who can?"

Slerry you told
you were in the U. when what I
what

"When you crash landed just now?" I had my eye on this cockle and the other one in window. What a flopperoo! Wha...! It hit her with you! You're shipping fast!"

When the nurse called him, Judy stood up, looking after him. Then she turned back to the baby, her eyes flashing.

"I don't know what you're trying to do so good, Stacy," she said. He, whenever it is, up to

"Aw she's too toughy!" Sherry grumbled. "She'll never be a friend and she knows it."

“I suppose you'll be out of town
Judge and I'll be.”

don't have us go to flying school to know how to fly," he declared.

The "New York Times" and "The New York Herald Tribune" are the two largest newspapers in the world. The "New York Times" is the largest newspaper in the world, with a circulation of over 1 million copies daily. The "New York Herald Tribune" is the second largest newspaper in the world, with a circulation of over 500,000 copies daily.

When Lynn Blum came down to Blinn, Judy decided it was high time to do something about Sissy. She would fetch him to visit the school, but like father like son. He was not coming. When Judy Blum's war is ended, we turn on his.

(Continued on page 25)

Judy King

There was precious little that the breezy Sleezy didn't know about planes, or how to pilot them. But that little became an awfully big item when Judy and the girls ganged up on him. One thing about Sleezy, though —no matter how often they yanked the welcome mat from under his feet, he always made a three-point landing

By ANNETTE TURNER



JUDY didn't say a word until Lynn had made what was far from a three-point landing. But the bad jolt which nearly sent the plane over on its nose on the school runway was worse than Lynn's earlier attempt, and Judy couldn't pretend not to notice.

"You'll need to put some extra work on your landings, Lynn," she said in a mild tone as she climbed out of the plane.

But even her gentle reproof was too much for Lynn. The girl gave Judy a stricken look and burst into tears.

"Oh, come now!" Judy said quickly. "It wasn't *that* bad!"

"Y-Yes, it was," Lynn sobbed. "I get worse all the time."

"But you don't!" It was probably true, at that, but Lynn was much too shy and doubtful of her own ability for Judy to let her know how poor her work really was. "We all have our bad days when it seems as if we'd never get anywhere."

Lynn dabbed at her eyes and slowly climbed out of the plane. She cast an apprehensive look to right and left, but there was no one around except Bob, waiting to take the plane to the hangar.

"I guess Sleezy didn't make it today." There was relief in Lynn's tone.

"Good thing," Judy said companionably as they started for the flying-school dormitory. "Your cousin's a nice kid, but he sure

can be an awful pest sometimes."

Lynn didn't answer, and Judy gave her a quick look.

"In fact," Judy went on, "if he takes a few more cracks at my teaching methods, I'm going to turn loose my wicked temper on him."

Lynn brightened. "Oh, Sleezy just talks big, Miss Wing. He really thinks you're super."

"Hmmm," said Judy. "And all the ribbing he gives you about your flying is just talk, too."

Lynn's face clouded again. "No, that's the truth. I—I'm no good. I shouldn't ever have come here, or thought I could be a flier. I'd go home and—and fly dish towels in the back yard, like Sleezy tells me to, only . . ."

"Only you're going to fly planes, Lynn. Remember? And if I ever hear you taking Sleezy's ribbing seriously again, I'll . . ." She broke off, laughing. "Speak of angels! Here he comes."

"Hiya, birds! What's the word?" Sleezy bounced out of the kitchen door, a huge peanut-butter sandwich in one hand, the other making a vague motion toward the cut-down hat perched on the back of his blond crewcut. Sleezy, at sixteen, was one of the heaviest men on the Henderson High eleven—and not without reason.

"The word is 'Scram'," answered Judy. "Eating *again*, Sleezy?"

"Gorging, gorgeous. Want a

bite? The cook can't resist me—but then, who can?"

"I, for one," Judy retorted.

"Sleezy," Lynn began, "you—you were in the kitchen when I—when . . ."

"When you crash landed just now? I had one eye on the cook and the other out the window. What a flopperoo! What's the matter with you? You're slipping fast!"

There was panic in Lynn's face as she turned and ran toward the dormitory steps. Judy stood looking after her. Then she turned back to Sleezy, her eyes flashing.

"I don't know what you're trying to do to Lynn, Sleezy," she said. "But whatever it is, stop it!"

"Aw, she's too touchy!" Sleezy grumbled. "She'll never be a flier, and she knows it!"

"I suppose you're a competent judge of that?"

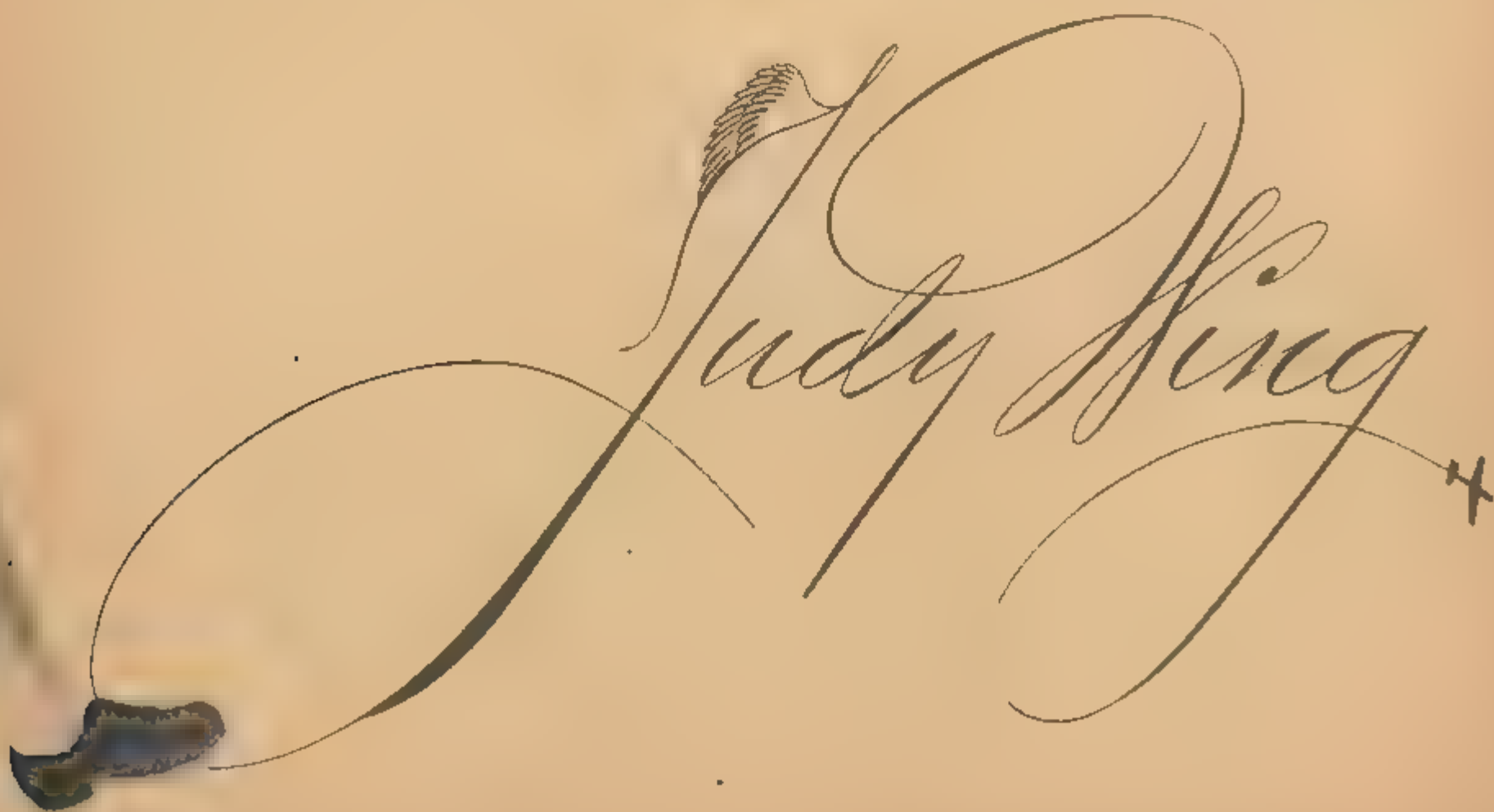
Sleezy shrugged. "Shucks, you don't have to go to flying school to know how to fly," he declared.

"Well, it helps," Judy said.

But her barb was lost on Sleezy. He chuckled and ambled off toward the hangars, whistling.

When Lynn didn't come down to dinner, Judy decided it was high time to do something about Sleezy. She could forbid him to visit the school, but his father, the local taximan, had been so kind to all of them, and so obliging, that Judy didn't want to land too hard on his

(Continued on page 53)



On The

Straight thinking will show
up bias and prejudice for what
they are—crude super-
stitions that won't square
with the facts

By FRANCES FILLMANN, Editor

IN the far corners of the world there have been people who believed they could destroy their enemies through effigies. They made figures or effigies of their enemies, usually in wax and then stuck sharp instruments in them or burned them or both. Seems pretty silly, doesn't it? But false ideas about people of different colors, religious beliefs, national backgrounds make just as little sense. In addition, not only do figurative pins injure the objects of prejudice but they are every bit as harmful to those who wield the pins. Let's take time out for a good appraising look at the matter.

You are continually meeting people of every race, color, religion, and nationality. You talk to descendants of Revolutionary War fighters, or of pioneers who crossed the country in prairie schooners, or of immigrants from many countries.

When you were very young you never noticed whether others were yellow or black or white; whether they were Protestant, Jewish, Catholic, or Mohammedan. You were interested only in whether you liked them and they liked you. As you grew

up, however you had differences pointed out to you—and not always favorably. You were told that it was better to be one color than another, that this religion was superior to that.

At the same time you were learning in school that all men are created equal. It's confusing to have to learn to respect a constitution that preaches equality for all races and religions when people around you don't seem to agree. What is correct? You can figure that one out for your-

self on the basis of facts provided by the scientists. They have proved that all human beings are put together in exactly the same fashion. All have the same number of bones and organs all get hungry and thirsty and sleepy, all are made sick from the same causes. People of all different colors, creeds, nationalities have the same blood types. The fact that one man seems smarter than another may depend on what he's been eating all his life, on where he went to school, on where he lives, or on other factors but never on what color his skin happens to be.

Whether her parents speak Russian, Spanish, Polish, English, or any other language a girl wants the love of her father and her mother. Whether she is black, white, yellow, or sky-blue pink she longs for the admiration of her friends. Whether she prays in a church, a temple, a cathedral, a mosque, or a chapel, she is sensitive to hurts and responsive to affection. Whether her name is O'Brien, Goldberg, Jones, Starinsky, or Aquaviva she salutes her flag with the same patriotic fervor.

Suppose someone told you that all freckle-faced people were stupid, that they had a different smell, that they would put a curse on you, that they lied, stole, and cheated. You'd think it was a new kind of joke, wouldn't you? Freckles are an accident and you know it. They have no more to do with a girl's character and personality than the color of her hair. Is it any sillier to believe that kinky hair or a different color skin or a different place of worship makes someone undesirable?

Why are there such superstitions and prejudices, you wonder? It's fairly obvious, once you try to figure it out. Did you

(Continued on page 42.)



Bias

Your CAREER in RETAILING

Behind the counter or behind the scenes in a store may be a job you'll like. If you work hard, there's a bright, promising future

By ALICE C. GROVES
Personnel Director,
Associated Merchandising Corporation

IF you sigh for the exciting life and high earnings of a movie star—but know deep down that they are not for you—don't despair. Instead, take a good look at the career possibilities of a field that probably has more high-powered and high-salaried women executives than any other—retailing! In the big department stores throughout the country thousands of women executives are cast in leading roles in the drama of buying and selling.

Like many other fields, retailing has opened wide for women during the last thirty or forty years. Where once it was almost a disgrace to work behind a counter, now retailing is a profession with high standards for entrance and success. Many outstanding universities have courses in merchandising which lead to a degree, and one of the finest specialized schools in the country requires two years of college for entrance along with a minimum amount of actual experience in a store. Note that last requirement carefully and we'll come back to it later,

for this is one field where hard work and experience pay off.

Retailing has room, for many different kinds of talent. Today a buyer from your favorite store may be in New York City buying 10,000 handbags; another might be on her way to California already shopping for your next year's swim suit and sandals. The two are in the *Merchandise Division*. Before they left on their trips each planned with her superior, the divisional merchandise manager, how best to spend the store's money. Each has an assistant buyer who is supervising the department in her absence, and a staff of skilled salespeople.

And while the Merchandise Division is busy buying the merchandise and seeing that it is sold, the *Publicity Division* is working on plans to present the store and its merchandise to the public through daily newspaper ads, magazine ads, and special events such as a fashion show for you teen-agers. Here is the division for those who have the talent and training to write or to draw.

Below, left—Fitting a customer into something lovely gives a salesgirl a chance to use her good judgment—and she's often asked for it.

This fashion artist seldom sees a customer, but her sketches of the store's clothes for newspaper and magazine advertisements bring in the customers and have lots to do with the way the sales mount up.



But the large store couldn't exist with these two divisions alone. There is the non-selling staff, the *Service Division* with its many opportunities for women who are experts at handling people. In this division the personnel and training departments look after the thousands who work in the store; the section managers, credit department, adjustment division, and floor superintendents work with the customers to improve the service of the store. Finally there's the division that holds the purse strings—the *Controller's Division*. These are the four pillars upon which the big store rests—*Merchandising, Publicity, Service, and Control*—and although the first three are the ones in which the majority of women have achieved success, your career might be waiting for you in any one of the four.

It isn't likely that every one of you who enters retailing will reach an executive level, nor will all of you want this responsibility. But retailing is a good background for whatever you may do later, for this field is above all a business that depends on successful relationships with people, and this is something that you learn in the beginning job and apply through the top one in the store. Skillful dealing with people is a help in every field. Moreover, the actual experience itself can be used in any town that is large enough

(Continued on page 49)

Right—A stock girl must be able to find a wanted item in the stock room.

Below—Behind the cosmetics counter there's a need for friendly, helpful service to beauty buyers.



Selling jewelry has its joys—working with things of beauty is bound to be fascinating and will help to develop one's taste in matters of adornment.

Below—A busy and responsible job, this one of taking in the money and sending back change over a department store's tube system. Photos by *Wide World* and by *Henle and Meisel* from *Munkmeyer*



HOW long Tep lay awake there, trembling in the darkness, she didn't know. But eventually she must have fallen asleep, because then she was being shaken and Sylvia's voice was saying, "Come on, Tep. Wake up. We're leaving."

Tep opened her eyes. The face looking down at her seemed fresh and rested. And as soon as Sylvia was sure Tep was awake, she gave her a broad wink.

For a moment Tep thought maybe the terrible danger they were in had caused Sylvia to lose her mind. And then she remembered: Sylvia didn't know. Only she herself realized into what wildly wrong hands her note had fallen. She was the only one who knew that Jay Cooper was not a member of the FBI but a very clever criminal himself.

Tep struggled to sit up. Frieda Wills was across the room, combing her graying hair.

"I'll have to tell Sylvia," Tep thought.

Then she remembered what Sylvia had said the night before—that she didn't think she could have gone on any longer, driving with that gun at her back, knowing that if the car swerved, even accidentally, the trigger might go off.

Slowly, reluctantly, Tep changed her mind. She couldn't tell Sylvia, after all. Bearing this terrible knowledge all by herself was the least she could do. Because in a way the whole thing was her own fault: If Sylvia hadn't feared Tep would be rude to Frieda Wills she never would have turned the radio on and they wouldn't have heard that broadcast about the bank robbery; if Tep's imagination hadn't been working overtime she would never have guessed who Frieda Wills was; and if she hadn't been such an idiot she would never have let Frieda Wills know she guessed.

Yes, it was all her own fault that they hadn't simply driven Frieda Wills to the nearest mechanic and dropped her there.

And of course the note to Jay Cooper—that was her idea, too.

Tep went into the bathroom and splashed cold water over her face.

Well, if she had managed to pass a note once, she might do it again. She hoped.

And to the Dolsons this time.

she thought with a lift of her heart. In the lobby, maybe—or somewhere. Surely they'd run into them this morning if they were staying at the same hotel. And now she was no longer hampered by Jay Cooper's "order" not to take anybody into their confidence. Oh yes, he was very clever indeed. But now she knew he was an enemy and not a friend. And she would act accordingly.

She remembered how red and angry the Dolsons had looked the night before, when the Barrett girls so rudely turned down their gay invitation to come and watch the promenade. But surely they hadn't been *really* angry. Surely if she got a message to them they would . . .

As she dried her hands Tep saw her watch, and jumped. It was only five o'clock! The Dolsons wouldn't be up yet. Nobody would. Frieda Wills was being shrewd again.

Tep went back into the bedroom, and tried to make her voice casual when she spoke. "Why are we leaving so early?"

"Because I want to get to Mexico City tonight," Frieda Wills answered crisply. "Do hurry and get dressed, will you? We'll have to get breakfast somewhere along the way. The hotel doesn't serve this early."

Numbly Tep walked over to her clothes piled neatly on a chair. There was so little time. So very little time.

If she could only delay them a trifle, give herself a chance to think of some way out of this—or give the Dolsons a chance to catch up with them on the road.

She thought grimly how pleased she and Sylvia had been that they had had no flat tires on the trip so far. Now she would give anything for a flat tire.

The faint early-morning light

caught the heads of the upholstery tacks in the chair and sent little cheerful gleams into her eye. Instinctively Tep turned her head away. And then quickly she turned it back again. An upholstery tack might cause a flat tire.

She scanned the length of the row. One of them looked a little loose, a little less firmly imbedded than the others.

As she reached for her socks she gave the tack a surreptitious tug. Yes, it was slightly loose. Very slightly.

Tep's dressing became a hideously complicated game. Every time she reached for something she gave the tack a pull, and when she was certain Frieda Wills wasn't looking in her direction she took time for several. Finally the head was a tiny distance away from the cloth, and she could get her fingernail beneath it. She was all dressed now except for her dirndl skirt. Frantically she yanked at the tack, under the folds of the skirt.

Sylvia glanced at her. "Hurry up, darling," she said.

Tep looked at her despairingly, and then remembered to smile.

"I'm almost ready," she murmured. She picked up the skirt and slipped it over her head.

When she had buttoned it she sat down on the chair to pull up her socks and tie her saddle shoes. For a single second neither of the others was looking at her. She slipped her hand around the arm, found her tack, gave a terrific pull—she could feel the edge of the head cutting into her flesh—and it came free!

Tep didn't even know there were tears of pain in her eyes as she slipped the precious thing into her pocket.

Now if she could somehow manage to write a note to the Dolsons
(Continued on page 60)

ADVENTURE IN MEXICO

Tep's final idea for getting help was so simple she
hardly dared believe her luck. Then things happened
fast—with the Dolsons right out in front

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "Dynamo Farm"



"There. The last one's tight," Tep said finally. Had he read her message, she wondered.

HAVE YOU any more information about anti-subversive activities in the printing houses and related industries in the New York City district of Manhattan? Have you information about the printing of money and other items and the purchase of large quantities of paper and other materials for the printing of money and other items?

[illegible][illegible]

There is no doubt that the Government should continue to provide financial assistance to the private sector in order to help it to develop and to create jobs. The Government should also continue to provide financial assistance to the private sector in order to help it to develop and to create jobs.

[illegible]

So, as the 1990s work to build and put in place large and small businesses in all major sectors, the physical infrastructure will be improved, and the

“2014年12月1日” 7: 55: 11
888888 “1122” 8: 55: 11



LET'S FACE IT

Be kind to your skin and it won't be long before you see results—a fresh, clear look you'll like
By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

HAVEN'T you often admired the soft, velvety freshness of a spring flower and wished that your skin were its duplicate? There's no season more timely than spring to turn over a new leaf and try to achieve a fresh, clear, petal-smooth complexion.

Proper cleansing is one of the important steps in working for a good complexion. The once-over-lightly treatment leaves in its wake a trail of blackheads, enlarged pores, and certainly not a clear, glowing skin. Your before-bed routine is the most important one, although it is necessary to wash your face more than once a day. So when you have a yen to pop into bed with a dirty face, remember that a blanket of dirt sitting there all night will sprout blackheads and clogged pores.

Young, healthy, normal skins take to soap-and-water cleansing like the proverbial duck takes to water. Always remember to remove your lipstick first so that you don't grind it into your pores. Then use a spanking-clean washcloth or complexion brush, tepid water, mild soap, and some elbow grease on your face and neck. Concentrate on nose and chin crevices because it's in the middle panel of nose, chin, and forehead that dust and dirt find a cozy nesting place. Rinse well, splash with cold water, then pat dry.

Some young skins are very dry and they require a superfatted lanolin soap or a fluffy cleansing cream. Every skin, dry, oily, or normal, should use a cleansing cream occasionally. Be sure to apply it with an upward-and-outward movement. Remove with tissues and follow with a cotton pad soaked with skin freshener until every bit of grease is gone. Cleansing cream and skin freshener are excellent substitutes for soap and water.

Just as important to good skins as adequate cleansing are diet, good circulation, rest, and proper elimination. This means body-building foods such as milk, fresh fruits, and vegetables; stimulating outdoor exercise; and at least eight hours of sleep each night.

Usually, poor elimination and crops of pimples go together. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. For faulty elimination, try a glass of hot water containing the juice of a lemon before breakfast. And watch your elimination especially well just before the menstrual period. It's then that bumps often appear like magic.

If your skin is inclined to oiliness and blackheads around the nose and chin or borders on the "problem" type, you'll want to use one of the mealy, grainy cleansers several times a week. This dry preparation, mixed with water to form a paste and applied all over the face (except around the eyes), will work miracles in cleaning up a "dirty" skin. Simply rub off with a wet washcloth or your fingers. If your skin is particularly sensitive, apply a soothing lubricating cream afterward.

Until now, we've restrained ourselves about our pet peeve, but here's where we let go with both barrels. *Don't pick or squeeze your face!* Oh, we know how tantalizing those bumps and pimples are bound to be. But exercise your self-control! Picking and squeezing only enlarge the pores, bruise the skin, and generally re-infect the bump. Better use an antiseptic or calamine lotion to help dry up the pesky things and they'll disappear almost as quickly as they came.

Some of you may have a serious skin condition that requires more than normal help. In this case, your doctor or local skin clinic will be able to advise you as to the corrective measures you should use.

Don't forget that a clean scalp helps to maintain a lovely complexion. Be certain to brush your hair daily, using a towel or a protective cape around your shoulders. This prevents dandruff and dust particles from clogging the pores, and starting an infection on your neck, shoulders, or back. Shampoo your hair every week or ten days, and make a special effort to keep your combs and brushes immaculately clean.

So cover the groundwork of inside and outside cleanliness and you can bare your face all summer without the slightest bit of self-consciousness about your skin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZOGBAUM
MARY CHESSE BATH MIT

Be A Midsummer Knight's Dream



1. 20 1/2 inches long, top with at 1/2 inch. Headpiece is a
 crown with a single rose at the front, and a
 small white crystal on the top of the crown.
 Right side of the crown is a small blue rose, and a small
 white crystal on the top of the crown.
 Pink to the top of the crown, and a small blue rose at the
 back of the crown.



EL. MAKE from 1890 to 1900

Pattern 1890-1900. Headpiece, 1/2 inch. Crown, 1/2 inch.
 with small crystals on the top of the crown.

20 1/2 inches long, top with at 1/2 inch. Headpiece is a

crown with a single rose at the front, and a small white crystal on the top of the crown.

Right side of the crown is a small blue rose, and a small white crystal on the top of the crown.

Be A



TO MAKE from Simplicity

Patterns: One-shouldered beauties. Left, Everfast piqué with jacket. Simplicity Printed Pattern 1674, sizes 12 to

20, 25c. Right, Everglaze cotton chintz. Simplicity Printed Pattern 1878, sizes 12 to 20, 25c. Obtain Simplicity Patterns from local dealers, or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Midsummer Knight's Dream

TO BUY from your nearest Official Headquarters Store.

Cottons in contrasting moods. Left, below "Ingenue," permanent finish white organdy (perfect for graduation, too), about \$15.

Right, below, "Sophisticate," in Dan River plaid gingham with lattice midriff and swallowtail peplum, about \$17.

Both by Beverly Hill. At Adler's, Kansas City, Mo.; Oreck's, Duluth,

Minn.; Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.; and

many other stores listed on page 66.



THESE DRESSES BY A. A. WARE

TRUTH



1. Swedish language is spoken in Sweden and Finland
 2. There are many Swedish speakers in the United States
 3. Swedish is one of the official languages in Sweden
 4. Many Swedish speakers live in the United States
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IR U I F I F



1-Evening hood of gilt-edge, black net ruf-

flings. 2-Head band of black velvet, with Walco sequins, net ruffling. 3-Ruffled fronton on a plain

white hood. 4-Sequin-sprinkled net ruffling rosettes

for ballet slippers. 5-Ruffled hoop skirt petti-

coat to wear under summer formal. 6-Tie-on

peplum of eyelet ruffings for dark dresses. 7-Net

ruffling drawstring evening bag, sequin sprinkled.

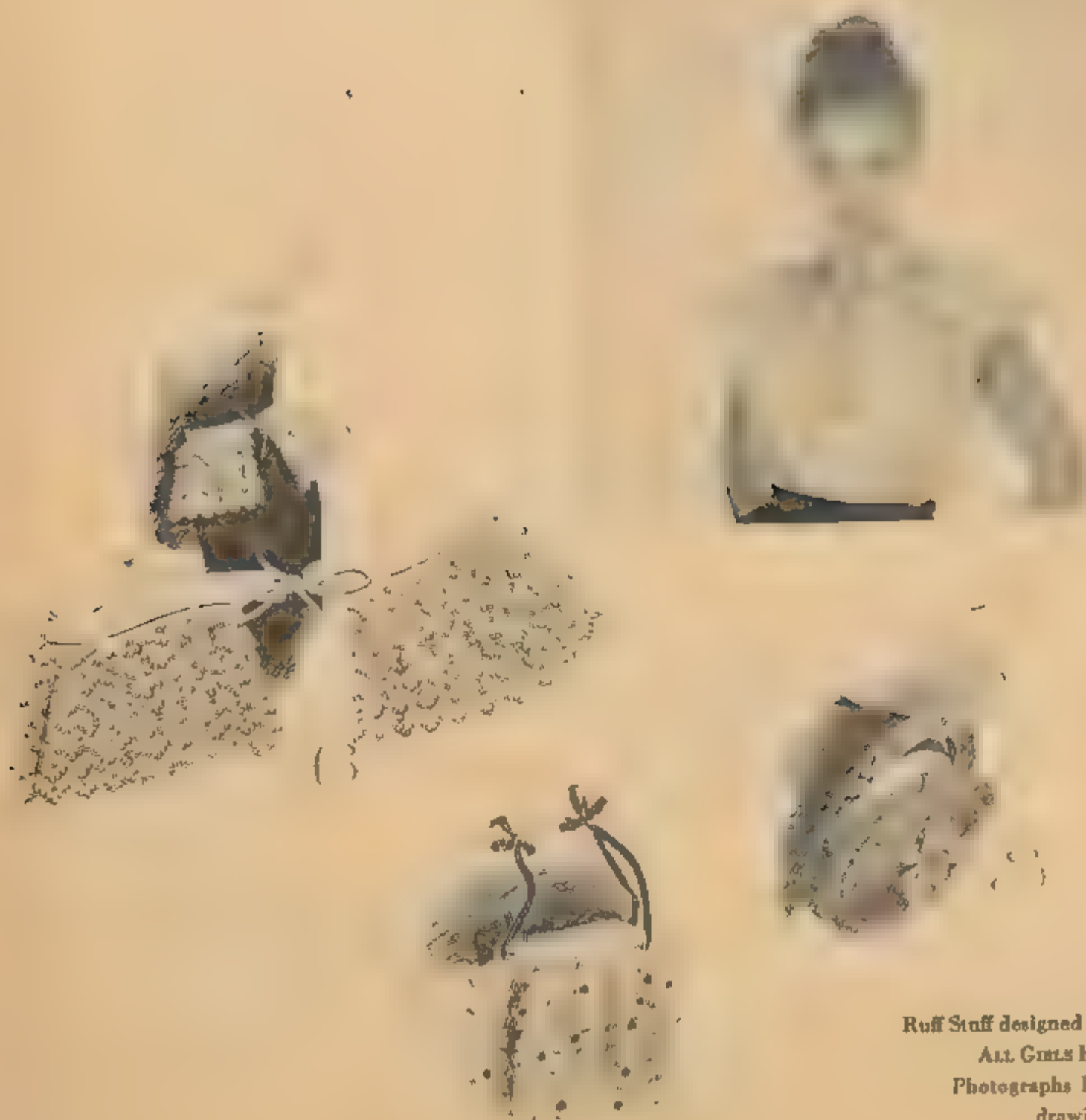
8-Rosette evening bag. Pass the Walco sequins, please.

9-Drawstring, beruffled blouse for summer dirndls. You

can make it from the good part of a discarded sheet.

RUFF STUFF

Enchanting as a summer breeze to wear, easy
as A B C to make—from Fairfame ruffings
that you can buy by the yard at most dime
stores. For free, illustrated instruction
leaflets, just send a stamped, large-size, self-addressed
envelope to *Nimble Thimbles, CALLING ALL GIRLS*,
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Ruff Stuff designed for *CALLING*
ALL GIRLS by the Spool Cotton Co.
Photographs by William Ward,
drawings by Linni Rogers.

A Luncheon With OOMPH

Make way for summer—here are delicious
cool-and-lovely dishes to delight your warm-weather guests

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

SHH' Don't tell a soul! It isn't all done with mirrors. Those fabulous characters who disappear into the kitchen ten minutes before you're all going to sit down to lunch, and then produce the most marvelous meal, didn't just go in there to wave a magic wand. They planned it that way. And you can, too. How about it? Here's a wonderful hot-weather meal, lunch or supper, that you can get all set beforehand and then produce in less time than it takes your company to change into a dry bathing suit. No magic, but it's sure to do a disappearing act after the guests are seated.

The trick is all wrapped up right in the menu:

Salmon mousse with cucumbers in sour cream

Pumpernickel sandwiches

Melon balls with lime ice

Everything for that repast can be done beforehand ready and waiting in the refrigerator when the time comes to serve it.

Salmon Mousse

Open and drain thoroughly a can of salmon. Flake 1 cupful of the meat. Drain and measure 1 cup of canned peas. Chop 2 tablespoons of pimiento. If you can buy lemon gelatin ready to mix,

(Continued on page 59)

Recipe in
**JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.**

Everything can be prepared
beforehand—ready and
waiting in the refrigerator
until the time comes to dish
and serve it. Roy Flacey Photo



Never miss a snap-champ?

...we simply couldn't get along without you and your snaps."

The fellow who takes pictures is likely to be the man in demand with the gang. For people like to see pictures of fun and friends . . . like to be in them . . . and they give straight A's to the man behind the camera.

You'll find it so easy to take these friendly snapshots, right from the start! Just load up your camera, take aim, and "click." With Kodak Verichrome Film it's hard to miss . . . it takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box



Brownie Reflex

Synchro model

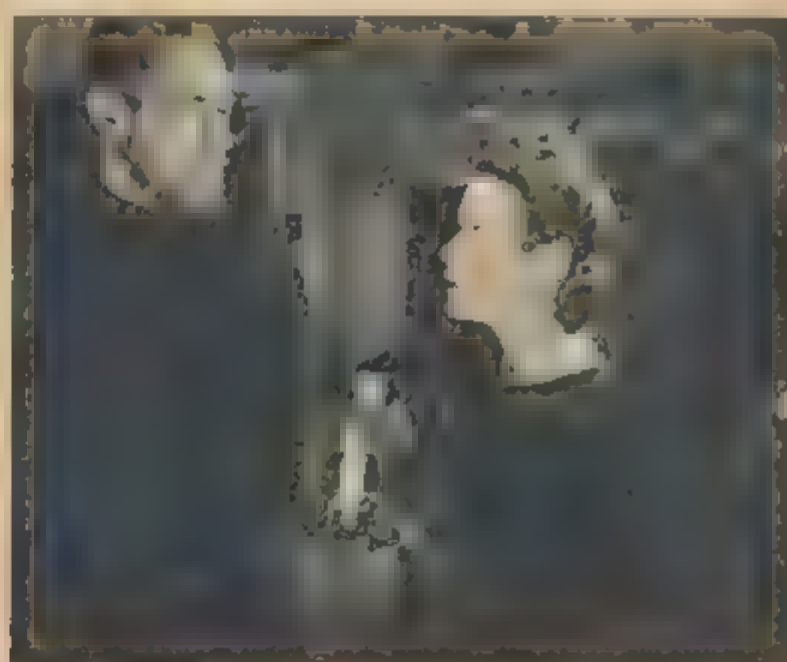
In ever increasing supply. This camera's a cinch to use! Has a hooded view finder that shows what you take—as you take it—actual picture size. Uses economical Kodak No. 127 Film—12 negatives $1\frac{1}{4}$ square per roll. Synchronized too for flash. Camera \$7.50 plus tax. Accessory Flashholder \$3.45.

MOVIES THAT MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor



STALLION ROAD is Ronald Reagan's back-from-the-Army film and Alexis Smith's back-to-nature picture, after the sophisticated meanies she's been playing. The story gives a fascinating glimpse of the life of the horse-breeding ranchers in the Sierra Madre foothills. Ronald and Alexis ride superbly. (W.B.)



THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR tells of a romance between a pretty widow and the hearty ghost of a sea captain whose cottage she has rented. Rex Harrison plays the ghost and Gene Tierney is the bewildered widow who finds his salty talk companionable. There's a surprise at the end. (20th C-Fox)

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN is another of those conglomerations of talent held together with an amusing story which sends you from the theater refreshed ear to your toes from the pugster song and good will you've enjoyed on the screen. In addition to Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson and Jimmy Durante there is Peter Lawford for heart interest. It seems that Frank's position for the Brooklyn Bridge. Scheduled for the Hit Parade are Sinatra's songs "Be a Clown," "Time After Time," and others. (MGM)



Are you in the know?



If your hands are clammy, what helps?

- ☐ Hold a hanky
- ☐ Wear gloves
- ☐ Use an anti-perspirant

If you'd hold his heart in the palm of your hand—don't drown it! Smoothness and drippy hands don't mix. To keep them un-clammy, cross your palms with an anti-perspirant before you go dancing. It promotes happy partnership. And to keep confident at certain times, choose those partners-in-comfort—Kotex and Kotex Bella. You *know* Kotex is extra-comfortable, and because your Kotex Wonderform Belt is elastic, fits divinely, you'll feel so carefree—you'll feel so *a-m-o-a-t-h*!



What if his flowers "kill" your frock?

- ☐ Wear them and weep
- ☐ Pin them on your coat
- ☐ Leave them at home

Fire-engine red carnations with your angel pink dream dress? You could so-ream! Instead—pin the poison-roses on your coat (You can check 'em at the prom!) Being a good sport gains altitude for your rating, your poise. No need for a letdown on "those" days, either—with cloud-soft Kotex' blissful comfort. That heavenly softness stands by you, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. You're sky high in confidence.



Should you remember your beau's Mom?

- ☐ If you want to
- ☐ By all means
- ☐ No, you'll soon forget

To send, or not to send, a gift to your beau's Mom! On Mother's Day or her birthday, why not—if you want to? Maybe a hanky or a little cologne. (It needn't cost a month's lunch money.) If etiquette puzzles you, bone up. And to outsmart "problem day" uncertainty—learn for yourself how Kotex protects you in an extra-special way. Yes, that exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you extra security... self-assurance... poise!

If you drop your fork, should you—

- ☐ Pick it up
- ☐ Have your date pick it up
- ☐ Ask for another

Ah-ah—mustn't touch. Let slipping silver be! When your fork or any tableware falls, ignore it. Ask for another. By meeting trying moments serenely, no one will be the wiser. Cherish that thought for trying *days*, too. You'll meet the eye without a qualm by choosing Kotex... because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. And you can keep your *daintiness* beyond doubt—thanks to the *deodorant* locked in every Kotex napkin.



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

Let's talk things over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

My girl-friend and I receive good marks on our report cards, so a number of other girls want help from us. We would be glad to help if they didn't understand a problem, but instead they want to copy our answers. Do you think we should go on letting girls copy from us or refuse them and most likely lose their friendship?—

Roberta G., Minnesota.

ROBERTA and her friend want to get "A" marks—not only in school grades but also in friendship. They have no wish to turn a cold shoulder when their classmates ask for help with school work. But they also realize that there's a difference between helping and permitting their friends to copy their work.

The girls who copy aren't playing fair with their teachers, their classmates, or themselves. If they ask themselves, "Why do we go to school?" the answer should be "To learn"—not only "subjects" but also about getting along with others.

Students who find it difficult to keep up with their work should ask their teachers for special help. Working with one another, studying together, and helping each other are excellent things to do at appropriate times. That isn't copying. Isn't it true that the test is not what is down on paper but what becomes a part of a girl's intelligence and character?

Roberta and her friend could explain to the other girls that they need study periods for getting their own school work done, but that they'll be glad to get together outside for some mutual give and take. A girl need not lose her friends and become unpopular because she is honest and fair-minded. She shouldn't be snippy, unkind, or "holier-than-thou" about how smart she is. She will win respect and make friends if she puts things in a nice way and acts friendly. She

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to share with other girls what you have discovered to be practical ways of solving those teen troubles.

Starting in an early issue of *Calling All Girls*, "Let's Talk Things Over" will give girls an opportunity to say how they have solved many of their difficulties of growing up. If you write soon, your solution may be accepted for the first issue in which this department, which will be edited by Alice Barr Grayson, appears in the new form. State your problem briefly and describe, also briefly, how you solved it. *Calling All Girls* will pay \$1.00 on publication for each contribution accepted. Letters addressed to this department will not be acknowledged or returned. Be sure to give your full name and address and your age on all contributions and address them to Alice Barr Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Sorry, but the volume of mail has become so great that Mrs. Grayson can no longer send personal replies to letters addressed to her or to "Let's Talk Things Over." But in this feature you'll see how other girls have answered many of the questions that trouble you.



can show respect for the things in which others excel and have patience with others when they have certain problems and come to her for help.

My parents were divorced when I was five and my mother remarried when I was ten. It didn't take me long to realize how much I disliked my stepfather. He doesn't like me either, and I told my mother that and she didn't deny it. What my mother sees in him I don't know, but it must be something. What should I do?—

Marie W., Nebraska.

ACCCEPTING big or sudden changes in one's family set-up is difficult for both parents and children. But learning how to do so is extremely valuable experience—if everyone works in an understanding spirit.

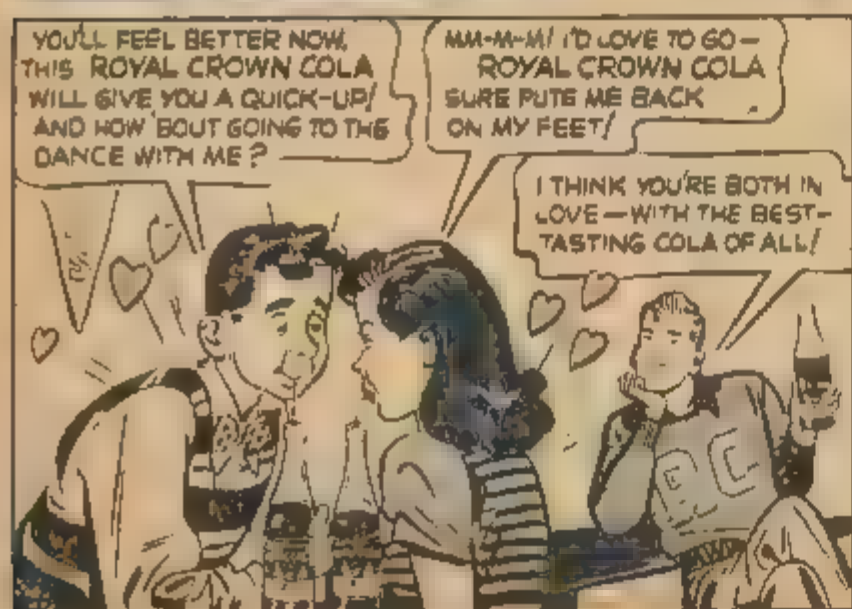
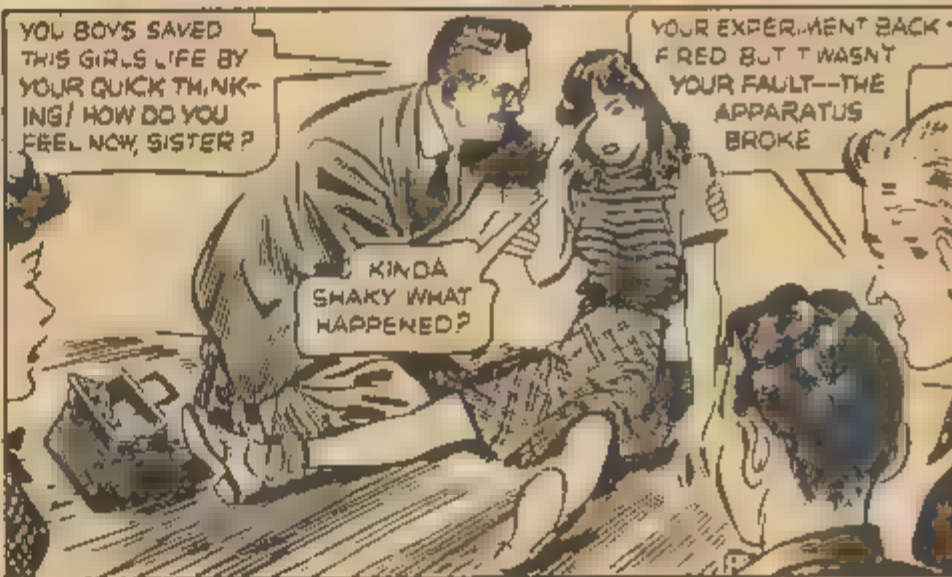
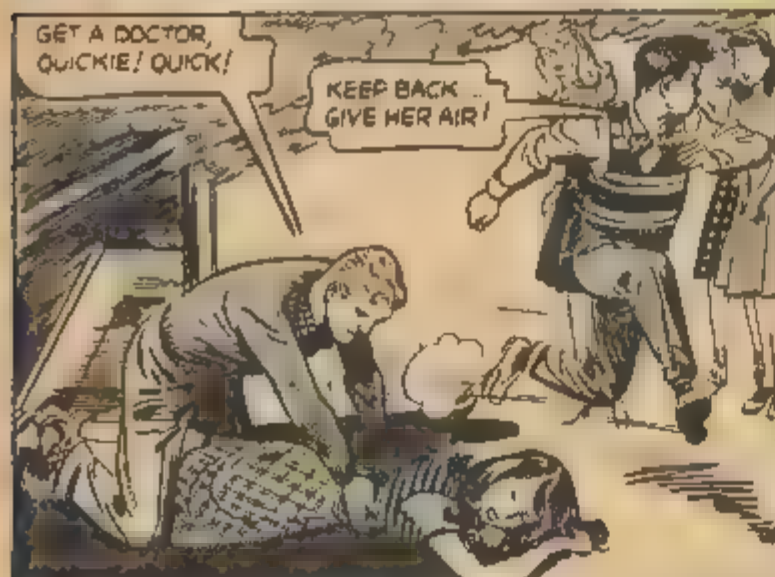
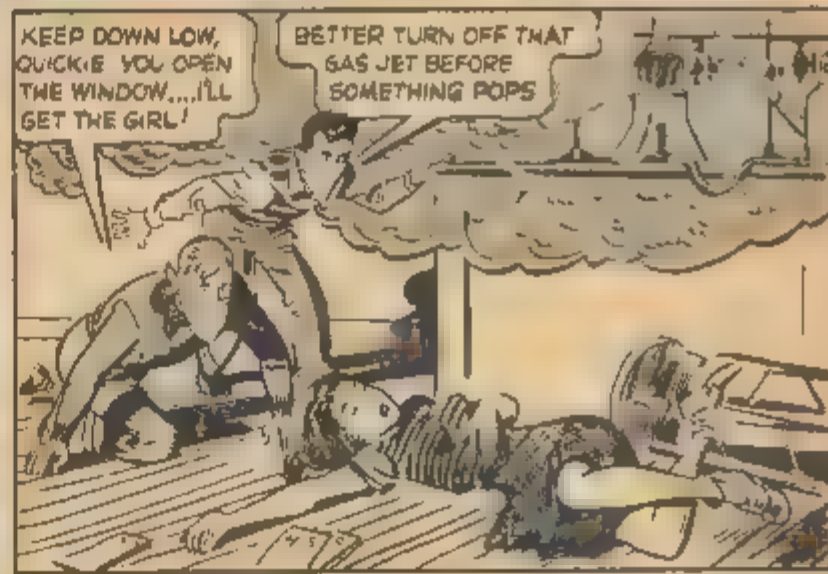
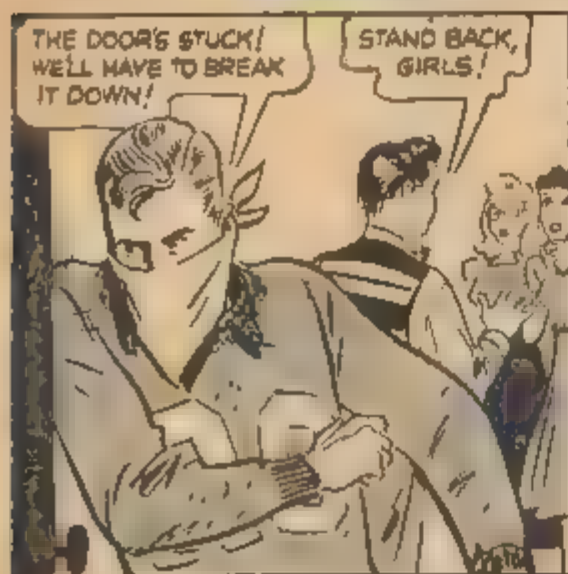
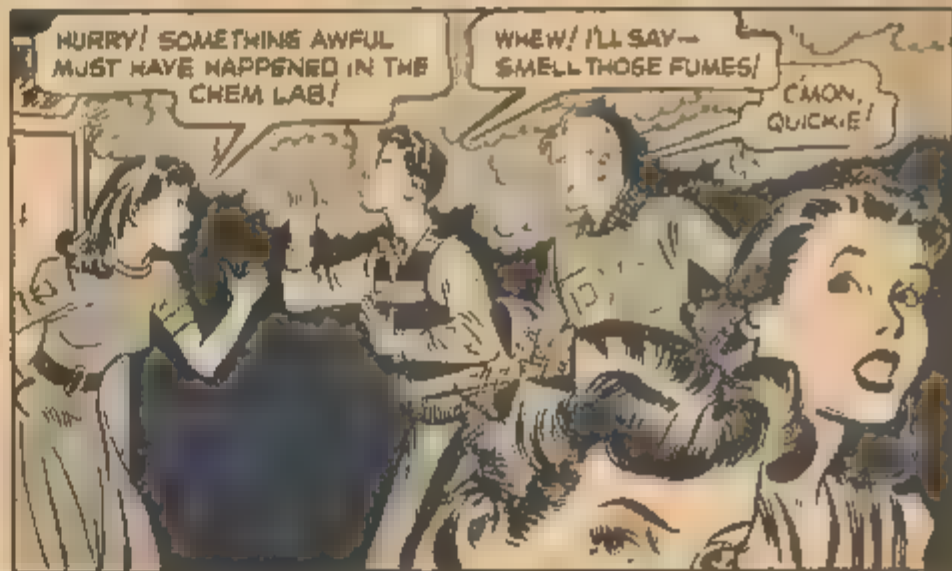
Since Marie loves and respects her mother, she should have some faith in her judgment. Couldn't she try to find at least two or three little things to like in her stepfather? If she closes her eyes and her mind and keeps singing a little song of dislike or, worse, hate she'll not make much progress.

Well, it may be that there is a strong difference in personality which is quite hard to overcome. Marie and her new father are just two people who do not see eye to eye about most things. That could happen in any home. But if folks want to work toward happiness and success in family life they must learn to understand and accept each other in spite of differences.

Has Marie ever thought about the fact that she and her stepfather both care about her mother? Perhaps, whether they know it fully or not, there are times when they regard themselves as rivals for her mother's affection. This would be normal and quite understandable. Recognizing a thing like that, one can take a next step more easily; that is, one can remember that people can love human beings in different ways and there need be no spirit of competition. Open discussion with her mother about how it has come to be that Marie and her stepfather do not care for one another, whether this must go on forever, and what they could all do to be fairer, more considerate, and kinder should help clear the atmosphere.

Perhaps Marie can get some special help with her own day-to-day life at home, at school, in making friends, in finding interests of her own. In that way she should feel surer that she has a very special place of her own in her home—and a life of her own outside.

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



COWBOY STAR JIMMY WAKELY SAYS

BUCKEROO, YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT—IT DOES TASTE BEST!

Jimmy Wakely took the famous "Red" photo of a cowboy. He's a real cowboy. That's why he's got a drink or two with a few bottles of Royal Crown Cola.

See Jimmy Wakely in **RAINBOW OVER THE ROCKIES** A Monogram Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

1 FULL GLASS

FASHION shows, like old Cock Robin, are a sure sign of spring at Official Headquarters Stores. The CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members at the Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and Crowley, Milner, Detroit, Mich., were treated to personal appearances by Dick Brown, the singing star of the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show. It's a good thing Dick has such a big repertoire of songs—the girls clapped for encore after encore. Maybe it's because they liked to look at him as well as listen—and who can blame them!

The CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members of the Carl Co., Schenectady, N. Y., had their taste of glamour when Nancy Pepper brought blond and lovely Janet Regan (one of our favorite teen models, and twice a CALLING ALL GIRLS Cover Girl) to the first CALLING ALL GIRLS Fashion

CLUB NEWS

Show ever held in that city. It's another club under way—and we welcome all its members.

Pam Palmer, director of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club at Hale Bros., San Francisco, Calif., has started something new you might like to suggest to your local club director—a post-card club. We sent her our list of Hi-Style Scouts and her San Francisco Club members are now trading post cards, via the mail, with

teen-agers from every state in the Union, in Canada, and even in Hawaii. Sounds like fun!

CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members at D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La., enjoyed another CALLING ALL GIRLS show recently with Nancy Pepper officiating, and a very lucky few enjoyed posing for the fashion shots you see on other pages of this issue. The more we can use you Club members for models, the happier we are.

How do you get to be a CALLING ALL GIRLS Club member? Enroll at your nearest Official Headquarters Store. Many Headquarters Stores (see list on page 66) sponsor the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show too. No Headquarters Store near you? Write to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Maybe she can help you.



Ruth Hampton, winner of Gimbels, Philadelphia, C.A.G. Cover Girl contest, registers at New York's Baltimore Hotel where she was guest of Calling All Girls.



Left—Our May Cover Girl gets fashion-set. Here Ruth helps fashion editor, Nancy Pepper, select those luscious cotton dresses you saw in the April Calling All Girls. Bet you're wearing one right now!

Below—Ruth meets famous model expert Harry Conover, who helped Nancy select her from among hundreds of Philadelphia contestants.



Below—Yes, it's Mischa Auer, and doesn't he look menacing? That's what he was in his early movies, he told C.A.G. radio listeners—a menace. Then humor came to his rescue, and he's been getting laughs ever since.

Below—Wonder what it's like to be as famous as Roddy McDowall at eighteen? Wonder if you'd be as modest about your success as he was about his when Jenny Jabberwocky interviewed him on the C. A. G. show?



Here are Nancy and the studio stylist adjusting Ruth's dress before the May cover was shot.

SOMETHING *NEW* for the Boys!



If you want to role as the gal who knows about important things as soon as they happen, hurry out and tell **ALL THE BOYS** you know about **VARSITY**, the magazine for young men of high school and college age.

It's big, it's handsome, it's definitely super, because it's devoted to all the things that fellows want to know about, read about and talk about.

They'll go for the thrilling stories of adventure and mystery, the top flight sports roundups, the rib-tickling cartoons and humor, the straight-from-the-shoulder discussions on dating, careers and problems — and all the up to date happenings in the world of young men.

Let your boy friend or brother use this coupon — or better still

AND FOR YOU, CALLING ALL GIRLS!



Exciting — smooth — smart, that's why

CAG is your favorite — and the magazine that a million teen-age girls wouldn't dream of missing! If you're not on the subscription list, better take care of that little detail **RIGHT NOW!** You can't afford to miss **CALLING ALL GIRLS** pages and pages of sparkling stories, loads of bright ideas for good looks, fashions, careers, decorating, movies, loads, things to do and make. Just a dollar will bring the next 12 wonderful issues right to your door. (There's space on this coupon for entering your CAG sub too!

1 YEAR — \$1.00

2 YEARS — \$2.00

(20c a year additional for foreign postage)

HOW ABOUT A SURPRISE GIFT SUBSCRIPTION?

There's a charter subscription rate offered to the "early-comers" — only \$2.00 for 12 big issues (regular rate, \$3.00). But work fast, lass, so that the men in your life will receive every single issue of this exciting new magazine.

SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RATE

50c additional in foreign countries
(Regular Rate \$3.00)

\$2 FOR
12
ISSUES

PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, Inc.

CAG-61

260 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Here is \$_____ Please enter subscription(s) for the magazine(s) checked: ☐ VARSITY ☐ CALLING ALL GIRLS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

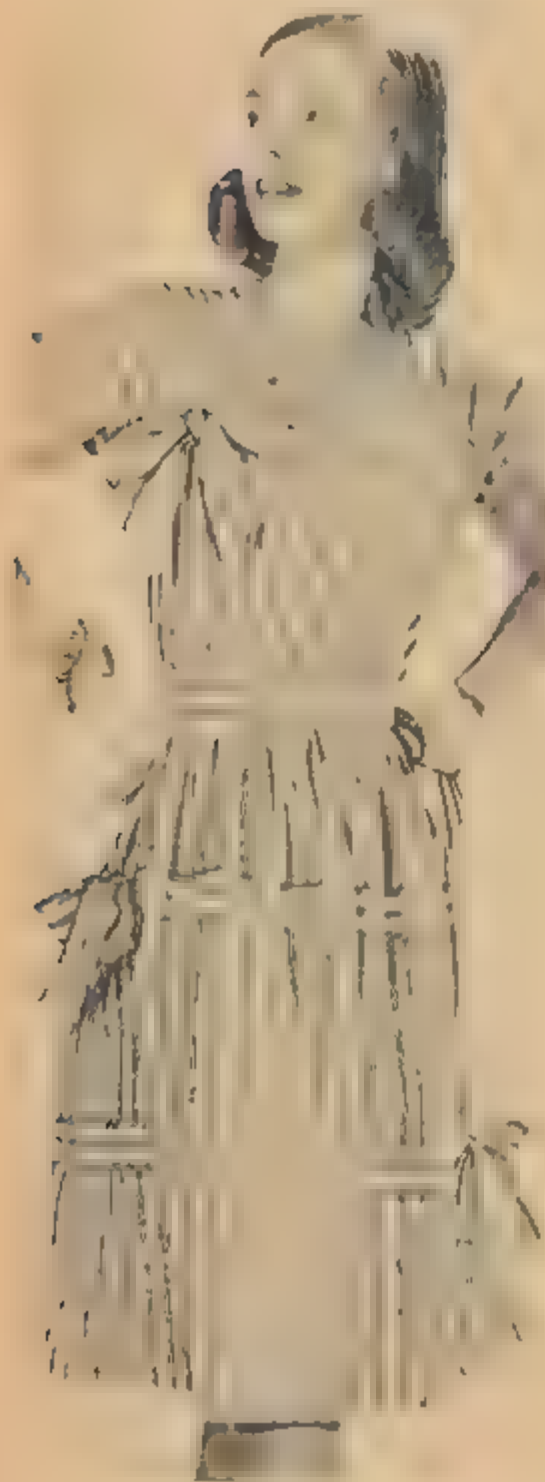
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Gift Card to read "From _____"

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Wash-Happy Cotton for our Beaux-Tie Striper



Nancy Hood ties one on for you Juniors—bands and bows washable woven striped cotton to a fare thee well. Red-green-blue or brown on white, 9 to 15, \$10.95. Write, please. (See color, too) Our New York Brooklyn or Chicago stores

It'll be done off once

Russeks

Fifth Ave. at 36th St., New York 8
Fulton and 8 Ave. S. Brooklyn 4
200 North Michigan Ave. Chicago

ON THE BIAS

(Continued from page 23)

ever feel terribly hurt and angry because your mother had punished you severely, and for something you didn't even do? You couldn't hit her, so you hit out at the first living thing to cross your path—the family dog, or your kid sister maybe, or the Jewish girl who sits next to you in Latin. That's what a lot of people do, too many of them. Since long before the Romans started throwing Christians to the lions, people have taken out on others their hurts and anger, their own unsureness, their distrust of something new and different, their fear that somebody else might make more money or be more successful in other ways. Many of them have to belittle others in order to make themselves feel superior.

Although only one-fifth of all the people in the world are white, and so are the biggest minority group of all, they started belittling everybody else even though the cultures of a lot of the others—the Egyptians, the Yucats, the Chinese, to name a few—were years and years ahead of their own. In our own old South, Negroes were looked on as fit for only menial service, quaint and cheerful and strong but not very bright. This helped their owners to feel less guilty over owning slaves—a land where "all men are create equal." It also kept most of the slaves from getting ideas about "certain inalienable rights."

Of course nobody wants to admit that he's prejudiced because of his own fears, or feeling of inferiority or of guilt. So the prejudices were dressed up as a lot of "scientific findings." If you stop to think, with no trouble at all you can marshal contradictions to them. But if by some chance you don't know the answers, read Hortense Powdermaker's *Probing Our Prejudices* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1944) or Ethel J. Alpenfels' *Sense and Nonsense About Race* (New York: Friendship Press, 1946). Written by scientists, both are crammed with fascinating facts. If they are not in your school or public library, ask the librarian if she won't order them. Perhaps your Camp Fire Girls or Girl Scouts or Y-Teens group could read them and discuss them, or maybe your social studies class.

You have the right, of course, to choose your own friends, but if you exclude anyone because of his race, religion, or color, you will be choosing on a false basis. Besides, when

you blindly exclude certain groups from your acquaintance, you lose valuable friendships and the chance to broaden your horizons.

When you are free from prejudice, you help to combat it generally. When you hear others spreading misinformation, you can give them the facts. You can give them books and pamphlets and magazine articles to read, and then discuss them together. Point out that people are people; in all nationalities and religions and colors there are dull people and bright, admirable and not admirable, attractive and unattractive. You believe in practicing democracy. If discrimination crops up in your school or in your clubs, refuse to sit back and take it. Others feel as you do and together you can fight blind prejudice.

Don't be intolerant of your friends who express absurd prejudices. Anger

and impatience won't help, but tactfully explaining why their prejudices are false can help. Your family may upset you by expressing dislike of certain groups. You're afraid to bring some of your friends home for fear that a careless remark will embarrass them. Worse yet, your parents may forbid you to associate with Italians or Greeks or Poles or Mexicans or . . . What then? Although it's difficult to control your feelings and your temper, consider why your parents feel as they do. Could be they were told these things by their parents and have never had a chance to find out differently.

Trying to stage a one-girl revolution will only strain family relations. Without making an issue of it, you may be able to help your mother and father to understand how you feel. Work around to an agreement that will permit you to bring your friends home. When your parents see that your friends are like everyone else, they may revise their own beliefs.

What happens when you are the girl marked as undesirable? The distress you suffer is real and terrible. The first shock of realizing that your inheritance is held against you no one can really soften for you. After that, it's up to you. You can withdraw into shyness and solitude. You can become too aggressive and bold. Or your actions, your appearance, and your performance can make you Exhibit A in disproving the superstition. Guard against being oversensitive and imagining slights. And don't blame all your troubles on such



C.A.G. editor Frances Ullmann is the author of "Girl Alive!", a book for girls to be published in August by the World Publishing Co. This article is from the chapter called "The World You Live In."

prejudice, either; that's the easy way out! Accept the knowledge that you will undoubtedly have to work harder than a girl who has what is considered the "right" background where you happen to live. But never stoop to apologize for what you are.

It hurts to hear people say, "Some of my best friends are Jewish, but . . ." Or, "What do you expect from a foreigner?" Feel sorry for those who are still living in the dim dark past when people didn't know any better. Letting the ignorance of others make you bitter or self-conscious is simply giving them victory. You can open their eyes and do justice to yourself by living a full life and by never practicing against others what you have to endure.

Prejudice doesn't rear its ugly head only against persons of certain colors, who speak certain languages, or who say their prayers in certain ways. Objects of dislike are also found on what is called "the wrong side of the tracks." Some people are so hard up for a way to prove that they are better than somebody else that they resort to picking on anyone who lives in a house that is not in the most valuable real estate section or that has antique plumbing, if any. The theory is that if you live in the most attractive part of town and if your father wears a white collar to work, you're automatically superior.

Obviously whether your dad digs ditches or teaches school won't change the kind of person you are. Just as obviously, the country couldn't have been explored, settled, and built up if everybody belonged to only one profession! Without the people who do the footwork, the backbreaking jobs, the digging, the plowing, and the disposing of garbage, any place would be a sorry mess. A job well done is what counts.

Papa's success doesn't pin any medals on you and neither do Papa's failures doom you to disaster. This theory is what made America the land of opportunity. In the old countries, it was taken for granted that if you belonged to the nobility you were something special and whether you grew up to be stupid or nasty didn't matter. Your father was very special, so you were, too. On the other hand, if your father was a peasant, no amount of beauty, talent, hard work, or intelligence could elevate you to the company of the chosen ones. The land of the free and the home of the brave said "Phooey!" Here, you're very much on your own. The girl from across the tracks may be tomorrow's congresswoman, doctor, judge, teacher.

A lingering doubt in your mind that anyone is different because of where she lives or what her name is can be dispelled by making the acquaintance of the very ones you most suspect. In all groups you'll find bright girls and stupid, rude ones and courteous, good sports and cheats. If you must have a suspicion, let it be of any group or club that excludes others, or of people who feel that they are better than anybody else.

they / the rain!



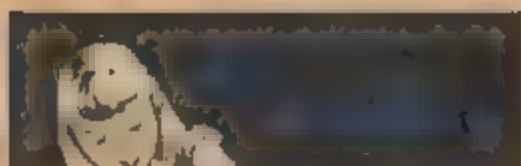
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RECORD RATERS

By LEE MORSE

Charlie Barnet and His Band—
(Cardinal—Limited Edition) *Cherokee*
and *Redskin Rhumba*. This platter presents
a new recording company with an old-timer
reissued. *Cherokee* up to this time was a
rare collector's item, the original disc selling
for five dollars in the second hand shops.
It might have seen its heyday before your
time but you probably know that this tune
was the best that Charlie Barnet ever put
on record. Both sides of the label will soothe
your ear with smooth saxophonizing by the
maestro.

MUSICAL NOTE: Columbia Recording Corpora-
tion is issuing two albums of Handel's
great orator, the *Messiah*. This is the long-
est pressing ever presented by this company.
There are thirty-eight sides, almost two
hours of listening. The price is \$22.50 rather
a difficult price even for such a fine contribu-
tion. The recordings were made in Eng-
land with an all-English cast.

Jerome Kern's Music—(Capitol) *A Fine*
Romance by Martha Tilson and Jerry Mer-
cer, *Snake Gaze in Your Eyes* by the King
Cole Trio, *Look on the Silver Lining* by
Margaret Whiting, *Who, by the Pied Piper*,
She Didn't Say Yes by Peggy Lee, *The*
Touch of Your Hand by Hal Derwin and
The Way You Look Tonight by Clark
Dennis. Capitol Records have issued a
unique album of music in that many favor-
ite entertainers are represented. If you
haven't got hold of a Jerome Kern collection
yet here is one for you. Mr. Kern's music
was always loved by the bands on the
radio, and in the theater. We call it standard
music. Each performer in this album was
especially chosen to do the particular song
best suited to his talents. All except Peggy
Lee have the orchestra, background music
of Paul Weston. This album packs a real
wax wallop, gals.

Philadelphia Orchestra Conducted by
Bruno Walter—(Columbia Master
works) *Beethoven Symphony Number 6*
(*The Pastoral*). *The Pastoral* has always
been so lovely and dynamic at the same time.
Beethoven disliked being confined to the
city and wrote many of his greatest works
while walking in the country. In the *Sixth*
Symphony, he describes one of his joyous
journeys into the Austrian suburbs. Emo-
tions rather than settings are expressed in
his wonderful works. The album is excel-
lent. Mr. Walter gives a fine reading to the
composition, the orchestra plays with good
balance and the five twelve-inch records
themselves have very little surface noise.
I'd put my dimes together for this one.

Margaret Whiting and Frank DeVol's
Orchestra—(Capitol) *Beare My Heart*
and *Who Am I Going To*. Both these tunes
are from the movies, the first from *'Carnegie*
Hall' the latter from *'Ladies Man.'* Both
are infectious ballads and fashioned expertly
for Miss Whiting's charm. The chartreuse
has an unbeatable style of singing with sin-
cerity. The orchestra background is the
cheerful with good mood music using strings
to suggest danger.

OTHER RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Joe Mounsey Quartet—(Decca) *Just*
a Gigo and September Song.
Mel Tormé—(Musicraft) *You're Driv-*
ing Me Crazy and It's Dreamtime.
Tex Beneke—(RCA-Victor) *Hoodie*
Audie and Anniversary Song.
Herb Jeffries—(Exclusive) *Moment*
Moods (album).

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION: NO. 9



Goob, isn't it awful? Just think, vacation starts in a couple of weeks!

Gag by Kathleen McAvoy, Flushing, N. Y.

TRIPLE TROUBLE

(Continued from page 13)

coming, and the kids'll be crazy about Doris. I'll bet we can get her into the club at the next election of members. She'd be a swell addition."

Nancy said no more, but some of the kindly feeling she'd been having for the new girl ebbed. Doris was nice and the girls probably would like her. She liked her now, herself. But Harriet needn't be so *frantic* about her.

Instead of stopping by for Nancy next morning, Harriet had to go around by the Boulevard to get Doris, so Nancy started off for the club meeting place at the tennis courts feeling a bit lost. Harriet and Doris were late and arrived giggling over two boys from a military school whom they'd met on the way.

"Boy, what wolves!" cried Harriet. "They whistled at us, but we just kept right on as if they didn't exist."

"They were really awfully cute in their uniforms," said Doris, bright-eyed and laughing. "But did they know it?"

"You should have seen the look Doris gave them. Golly, she looked right through them as if they weren't there." Harriet beamed at Doris, and Nancy, feeling funny and left out, said impatiently, "O.K., so you knocked them cold. Tell me the gory details on the way. We're already late."

The picnic was fun, and Doris was a great success. She was a tireless hiker, she sang college songs she'd learned from her brother, and she gathered more than her share of firewood. The girls all liked her, but she was definitely Harriet's prize and Nancy, fed up with the way Harriet kept showing her off, snapped, "Really, Harriet, you act like a doting mother. You act as if you'd invented her yourself."

"Well, I want her to have a good time," flared Harriet. "After all, she doesn't know the others."

On the way home Nancy and Harriet walked together and harmonized their school songs and Nancy was just beginning to feel natural again when Doris caught up with them, linked arms with both so she was in the middle, and begged Harriet to teach her the words. Nancy went to bed that night with a troubled feeling, a sort of ache in her throat that she didn't understand.

Gradually, where it used to be Nancy and Harriet who went around together, met for Cokes, listened to records, planned things together, it became the three of them, Nancy, Harriet, and Doris, and once or twice Harriet and Doris didn't wait for Nancy but went off alone. They had fun, but to Nancy it wasn't the same. In some curious way, she began to feel shut out. She began to get very touchy with Harriet over little things and occasionally made biting remarks to Doris.

She didn't really mean to, and she was sorry afterward, but she



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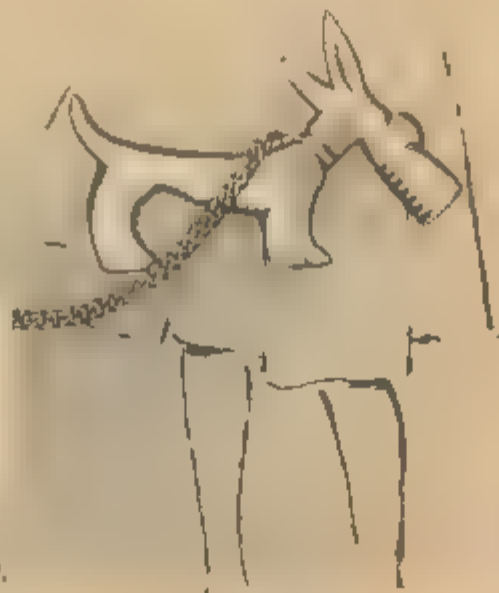
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couldn't seem to help it. What was the matter with her? Was she jealous? But that couldn't be! She'd never been jealous in her life. She struggled against it, but the sore feeling in her heart and the resentment kept growing.

One week end Nancy's folks were going away. Her father was attending a convention and he wanted her mother to go with him.

"But what about Nancy?" protested Mrs. Morrison. "It's the longest we've ever left her alone in the house with just the maid."

"Oh, Mother!" cried Nancy. "I'm not a baby. Besides, I'll get Harriet to come over and stay with me. We can have loads of fun."

Her mother laughed. "All right. But don't talk all night. And don't make extra work for Bessie."

Nancy called Harriet and eagerly poured out her plans. There was a pause on the other end of the wire and then Harriet said, "Gee, Nancy, I wish I could, but I sort of promised Doris I'd stay all night with her Saturday. Look—maybe you could come over and stay with us. Want me to ask her?"

Sudden anger swept over Nancy. "No, thanks! I have no desire to stay at Doris'. It seems to me you could go there some other night and stay with me this time since my folks are going away."

"But, Nancy, I've already told Doris I'd come," said Harriet in a worried tone.

"O.K. Go ahead and stay with Doris. She's your friend now, anyway. Well, you can have her. Good-bye!" And she banged down the receiver, her heart hot. She was so mad that the tears stung her eyes. "O.K., Harriet, you're not the only girl I know. I'll call Peggy Meyer," she thought. But she knew she didn't really want Peggy. She wouldn't be half as much fun as Harriet. Darn Doris, anyway. Why did she have to come along and spoil everything?

Peggy stayed with Nancy and they had fun. Saturday afternoon they went down to the Bulldog; and when Harriet and Doris came in, Nancy looked the other way. When Nancy and Peggy stood up to leave, Harriet looked at her and started to speak. For a moment Nancy almost weakened. She didn't want to be mad at Harriet. She wanted everything to be all right, the way it used to be. Then she glanced at Doris, who seemed to be waiting to see what she would do. A sudden fierce rage possessed her and, feeling perfectly miserable, she sailed past with her head up.

At the next club meeting they were going to vote on new members. Nancy knew that Doris' name would be brought up and she knew that the vote had to be unanimous.

"Well," she thought, "it won't be unanimous. There'll be one black-bail. Maybe Harriet won't think so much of her if she can't get into the club."

The Saturday before the meeting, Nancy had a date with Terry Collins

They dropped in at the Youth Canteen to dance to the juke box. All the crowd was there. Harriet and Doris came in with their dates and when Harriet glanced wistfully in her direction, Nancy stared right through her. She pretended to be having a hilarious time with Terry. He gave her a raised-eyebrow look when she snubbed Harriet.

"Hey, what's the matter with you two? I thought you were pals."

Nancy laughed a brittle laugh. "Not any more, Butch. Doris is her pal now."

He shrugged and then nudged her arm as a couple came in. "There's Bill Atkins with Anne Osterman."

"What's happened to him and Ginny?" asked Nancy in surprise. Ginny and Bill had been going together for a year and this was the first time she'd seen Bill at a dance without her.

"Oh, Bill got tired of her being jealous all the time," said Terry casually. "She got to thinking she owned him."

Nancy stared at him with a pang in her heart. "But they always had so much fun together."

"Sure, but Ginny spoiled it all by trying to fence him in and put up a 'Private Property—Keep Out' sign." Terry gave her an odd look. "You can't do tha. with people, you know, Nancy. It's the quickest way to spoil friendship. Nobody belongs to anybody. You've got to share your friends if you want to keep them."

Nancy went into the ladies' room to powder her nose and run a comb through her long bob, but when she saw who was at the mirror before her, she almost turned around and went out. Doris saw her in the mirror, though, and smiled.

"Hi, Nancy," she said brightly.

"Hello," said Nancy grudgingly, her color flaming.

"Gee, you look cute tonight," Doris went on. "I love that sweater."

"Thanks." Nancy wouldn't look at her, but she couldn't bring herself to refuse to talk to her.

"Where have you been keeping yourself? Harriet and I tried to call you yesterday to go on a bicycle hike, but you weren't home."

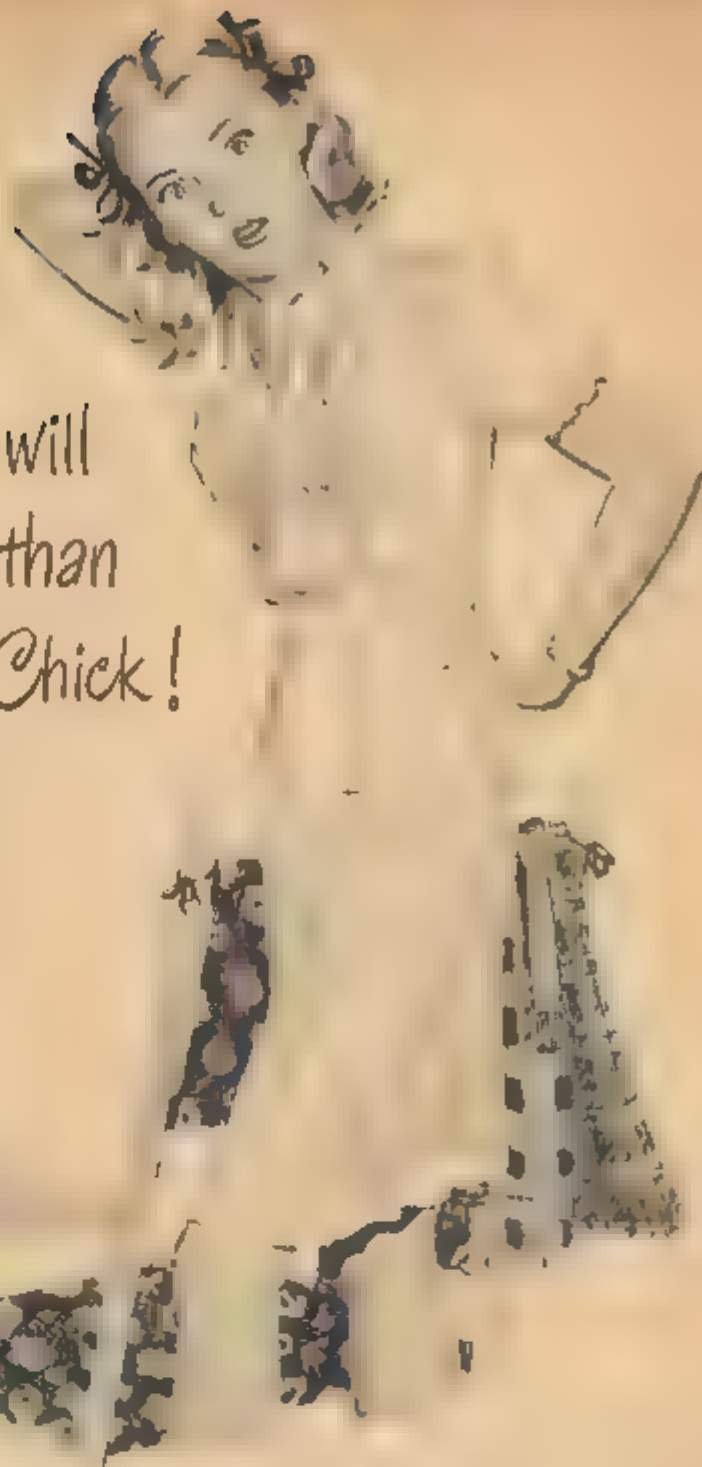
Nancy said nothing. She fixed her face and turned to leave.

Doris got up to go, too. "Maybe we can get together next week and go to a movie. Lon McCallister's in a new picture at the Palace."

"Maybe," said Nancy noncommittally and hurried past her. What was Doris trying to do? Was she really trying to get Nancy back together with her and Harriet or was she, too, remembering about the club meeting on Monday?

That night Nancy lay awake a long time thinking about her encounter with Doris and what Terry had told her about Ginny and Bill. Of course, it wasn't the same, but in a way, it was. She knew now that it was jealousy that made her so mad at Doris and had prompted her to snub Harriet. "But I can't help it. Harriet was my friend first

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and Doris just barged in and took her away from me." She wanted more than anything to be friends again with Harriet, but she didn't know what to do about it. Her pride simply wouldn't let her telephone Harriet and try to make up.

She was the last one to come into the club room on Monday and she slipped into a back seat, trying not to look at anyone. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Harriet give her a worried, unhappy look. Nancy knew she was thinking that one vote could keep Doris out of the club.

The meeting came to order, the names of the proposed members were read and discussed. Nancy had nothing to say about any of them. Harriet got up and spoke for Doris. She said she was a good sport, fun, and that just about everyone liked her. She didn't glance at Nancy as she sat down. The girls clapped and Nancy knew that they all intended to vote for Doris.

The ballots were passed out with the three new names on them. There was a space beside each name to write one word—Yes or No. Nancy marked hers, folded it and went up to the ballot box and dropped it in. As she went back to her seat she felt Harriet's eyes on her. She gave her a steady look and smiled oddly. Harriet flushed and looked down.

The tellers took the ballot box into a corner to count the votes and the others relaxed and chattered. Only Nancy sat quietly, looking out the window. When the tellers stood up and Peggy Meyer walked into the center of the room, an expectant hush fell.

"Well, girls," she said with a smile, "we have three new members in our club and I know they'll be swell."

Everyone burst into excited applause and began to talk at once, the atmosphere of tension was over. Since it was a business meeting there were no refreshments. They all got up and began to straggle out of the room. Nancy dropped her purse and when she had picked it up and turned to leave, Harriet was at the door, waiting for her. She smiled shyly and put her arm through Nancy's.

"Let's go down to the Bulldog," she said.

"O K.," said Nancy.

"I I guess I'm an awful dope, Nancy," Harriet went on in a low voice, not looking at her, "but I was afraid you wouldn't vote for Doris."

"Why shouldn't I? Doris is a swell person. She'll make a good club member," replied Nancy firmly.

"Then you're not mad at me any more?"

Nancy laughed. "Of course not. I was the dope for getting mad in the first place. After all, I don't own you. You've got a right to have all the friends you want." And suddenly she really meant it. She felt happy and free and good inside. "Come on," she cried gaily. "Let's go find Doris and tell her the good news."



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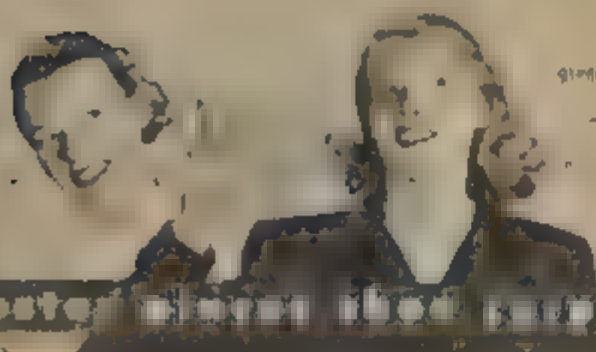
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For more



YOUR CAREER IN RETAILING

(Continued from page 25)

to have a department store, as many young war brides found who followed their husbands from camp to camp.

Those of you who prefer to look ahead to the time-honored career of a housewife might do well to consider working in a department store until the big day arrives. Furthermore, many women successfully combine the task of managing their own home with working behind the counter in a big store on a so-called part-time basis. Many of the larger stores have positions for women willing and able to work on a limited schedule or even on Saturdays only. They also offer temporary employment during peak periods—before Christmas and Easter, for instance.

There are many positions other than selling which also might provide a productive and interesting two or three years between school and marriage. Girls who like to sew might find a place in the alteration departments. Secretaries, typists, bookkeepers, business-machine operators, receptionists, information clerks may all find jobs in their fields in the business offices of the big store. In the Service Division the girl who has leadership ability may be trained to be a section manager, or if she likes to meet people, she may be an interviewer in the credit or adjustment departments.

It has been said that retailing is a woman's business, for women are the family shoppers. It's you and your mother who select not only your own clothing but the furnishings of your house and sometimes Father's clothes as well. Very often it's the woman of the household who manages the family budget, and she knows just what she wants and can afford. It is this understanding by women of the family's needs which, added to experience and training, makes them good executives for the Merchandise Division. Stores have recognized that women make good executives by giving them top jobs throughout the field.

How can you tell whether this vast field of retailing is the one where you will have the most success, or, what's more important, whether it is the one in which you will be happiest? You will have to ask yourself, "What kind of a person am I?" You should be able to answer the following questions with an honest "Yes!" before you can hope to get very far in retailing.

1. Do I really like people? Do I like to be around them all day, work with them and for them? The retailer is in constant contact with people of all kinds. She has to keep up good relationships with the customers, with a large staff of colleagues, and, if she's a buyer, with the manufacturers from whom she buys.

2. Am I healthy? Can I stand on my feet all day and then go dancing? Retailing is hard physical work. You

Take it from THE BOYS



Rusty, Long, lanky, most-likely-to-succeed at anything he starts. Edits his school paper, runs a fire-engine red jalopy, is a pushover for pretzels, swing bands and pretty girls.

Me, I'm strictly a romantic character. The sensitive type. Like a girl who concentrates on me, isn't always playing peekaboo with mirrors. Sure I hanker for a smooth-looking package—but I like to keep thinking it comes naturally. Nothing gives a guy's illusions a worse shellacking than watching a girl redecorate.

I like a dish with taste, says Rusty... always a step or two ahead of the crowd. And these six ways to tie a scarf and entice a beau are definitely in the super-packaging department.



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can't buy or sell sitting down. It's a quick-moving field mentally and physically.

3. Am I patient and not easily discouraged? In any part of a big store you may run into trying situations—a rude customer, a jealous colleague. Tact, patience, and the ability to forget a slight rebuff will carry you through.

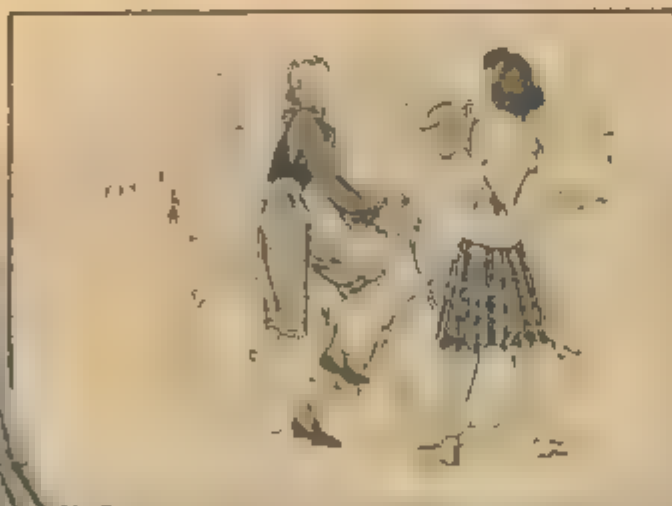
4. Do I have persistence? If I start a project do I finish it? To become an executive in retailing you need real experience. Spending several hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of someone else's money is a great responsibility. You'll be glad if you keep plugging until you really have the know-how.

5. Do I expect people to like me and find it easy to express myself and make friends? Retailing is people, but if you have to give a part-way "No" to this question, remember that retailing has been known to bring many shy people out of their shells. In the press of a busy day, in dealing with many different personalities, you may forget your own shyness and so find that it is gone.

If retailing is for you, what should you do next? The first step is no further away than your nearest department store and the time to start is as soon as you are old enough to get working papers during the vacation period. Not that you can just walk in and get a job unless you are unusually lucky, for stores are becoming more and more selective about the employees they want to represent them. So you should prepare for your interview carefully. Since clothes are such an important part of the store business, the employment manager will notice whether or not you are neatly dressed and carefully groomed and whether you wear your clothes with an air, inexpensive though they may be. In addition, he will be looking for alertness, interest in the job and what it may lead to, and a willingness to work hard.

Once on the job, the rest is up to you, and, if you take it seriously, you will be not only earning vacation money but laying the groundwork for a career. Moreover, if you are placed in sales you will probably find that selling, while hard work, is fun, and you will learn, perhaps to your surprise, that the old idea that "anyone can sell" is far from true.

If you have worked for a summer or two and have finished high school, the next step is to consider whether or not you can afford and want to take additional training. If so, probably the best idea is to enter a college that offers a general course with the opportunity to major in retailing. There are fine courses throughout the country, such as that offered by the Research Bureau for Retail Training of the University of Pittsburgh; Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois; Syracuse University in Syracuse, New York; New York University in New York City; The Prince School of Simmons College in Boston; Washington University in St.

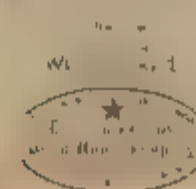


For happy feet this Spring and Summer,
there's nothing quite like these fine
Trimfit mercerized cotton ribbed
anklets for all your activities.
Wear them straight up or
cuffed. Get them in colors
to match every outfit!

About 59¢

Other

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At good stores everywhere. For one nearest you, write
TRIMFIT, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Louis; and many others. Your high-school counselor can help you pick one that is not too far from your home and will be right for you. Or you can take two years of a general course in any accredited college and then apply for admission to a school such as Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers or the Laboratory Institute of Merchandising, both located in New York City.

At the end of such training, you will be ready to apply for your job in a big store. Many stores throughout the country select a small group of college graduates for overall training once or twice a year. Such training is store-wide, and when the management feels you're ready you will probably be placed as a very junior executive. So far it has all been preparation, but at this point, the future is in your hands. Promotion will follow according to how ready you are for it and depending on the executive needs of the store. Inspired effort one month and a slump the next won't do it, but steady interest, enthusiasm, and hard work will.

Don't let it discourage you, however, if the family budget simply won't allow for those extra years of schooling. You can get your training right on the job, if you make the job you do an outstanding one. After several years of experience, you can go to the management of your store and apply for the next step up (in case they haven't recognized you by that time). You will have a good chance of being selected if your record is as above average as you can make it through your interest and hard work. One of the finest personnel policies, that of promotion from within, is maintained by every department store of standing, and this is your best assurance that you will succeed if your work deserves it.

We have spoken of the four main divisions on which the organization of a big store rests. It might be helpful for you to see how the beginning jobs in each of the three most important divisions for women lead to the bigger ones, although we can't give you a complete picture here because of the complexity of any big store organization. Briefly, here are the various steps:

MERCHANDISING

Salesperson
Head of Stock
Assistant Buyer
Buyer
Divisional Merchandise Manager
Vice President
President

PUBLICITY

Advertising Copy
Junior Copy Writer
Copy Writer
Divisional Copy Chief
Copy Chief
Advertising Manager
Publicity Director
Sales Promotion Director
Vice President
President

ADVERTISING ART

Junior Artist
Artist
Divisional Art Director



Here's one I took of Bud when he wasn't looking. Or rather when he was looking at a tempting dish of his favorite food!

And here's another study of my pet subject after he tasted a big, delicious hunk of ginger bread--and discovered I had made it!



This didn't turn out so good! Maybe because I dropped the camera when Bud came over to give me a terrific hug! If I had known ginger bread affected him like

this... I would have made some long ago 'cause with Duff's it's such a snap to whip up a big dish of this wonderful tasting stuff!

Just add

WATER

—that's all!



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winning
catch...
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ANKLETS**

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Anklets

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SMOOTHER YOU**

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for a super
figure,
get hep to
Real-form's teen-age
girdle! This
shorter, lighter two-way
stretch was designed
just for you. It's
fashioned of non-
run Raschel-Knit
Lastex and DuPont
rayon...tea rose
or white. Panty
or girdle. \$3.00

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Advertising Manager
Publicity Director
Sales Promotion Director
Vice President
President

Display

Junior Display Assistant
Display Assistant, Window or Interior
Window Display Director or Interior
Display Director
Display Director
Director of Visual Presentation
Sales Promotion Manager
Vice President
President

SERVICE DIVISION

(Jobs open to women in this division)
Section Manager
Floor Superintendent
Credit Interviewer
Employment Interviewer
Training Assistant
Training Director or Employment
Manager
Personnel Director

For further details on beginning jobs and the organization of a large store, you can probably find in your school or public library a book called "The Big Store" written by Edith Chase Woodhouse and published by the Oxford Publishing Company.

So far we haven't discussed the salaries you might expect to receive. It is almost impossible to give you an exact figure on the beginning jobs, as you may be starting in any city in the country. In general, however, the beginning wage will be in line with the salary paid for beginning jobs in other industries and will be dependent on current salary levels of your area and living costs in that community. At any level in a store, earnings will be in line with living costs. In the same way executive salaries may vary from one part of the country to the other, but again in general the woman executive in retailing will make a salary difficult to obtain in other professions. During the recent war years, when general incomes were high and people were able to buy what they needed and wanted, thousands of executives at the buying level were earning over \$7,500 per year. So were advertising managers, display directors, and operation executives.

There is no question but that the earnings are high for the successful retailer, whether man or woman, but this is not the reason why retailers wouldn't choose any other profession. "It gets in your blood, and you can't leave it," say old hands in the retail business. They say it because this is an exciting way to spend your day—it is never the same, and it challenges your wits and ingenuity a dozen times an hour. It is a competitive industry in which stores compete not only to make money but to establish themselves in the community, to serve an ever-widening circle of customers, and to bring to the American people the best merchandise at the fairest possible price.

Possibly you will be happy and successful in retailing. Think carefully about it, read everything about it you can, and if you think it's right for you, head for your nearest store!

JUDY WING

(Continued from page 21)

son. But maybe the older students would have a solution.

She called Helen, Kay, Claire, and Ellen to her room after dinner and explained what was on her mind.

"I get it," Ellen snapped her fingers. "We'll make it so hot for Sleepy he'll stay away of his own accord."

"Or we could freeze him out," said Claire.

Kay giggled. "What about a Society for the Suppression of Sleepy? The SSS?"

"I know—we'll see that he gets no more handouts at the kitchen—we'll get Bob to act too busy to bother with him—and we'll all be just too-o-o busy," Ellen added.

"Well, Helen?" Judy asked. "Does that sound like sense to you?"

"Maybe," said Helen. "But Sleepy's skin is pretty thick."

They tried it for two weeks. Sleepy didn't mind at all. He didn't miss a day at the school, breezing in after his own school hours were over. And Lynn was getting unhappier by the minute.

"I've gnashed my teeth to a pulp!" Ellen burst out when the SSS held a second emergency meeting in the library one evening. "That—That rhinoceros! The worse you treat him, the better he likes it."

"We'll have to change our tactics," Judy said. "Helen, what are you smiling about?"

"My bright idea," said Helen. "Why don't we reverse the freeze-out?"

"Like how?" asked Claire.

"Like—maybe Sleepy'd run if we chased him. I mean, pretended to be crazy about him."

"You're crazy if you think we're going to put on any such act," Kay cried.

Helen looked from one to the other. Claire shook her head emphatically.

"I don't want any explaining to do to Texas," Ellen said. "Otherwise I'm all for it."

Helen shrugged. "Well, I'll be leaving in a few weeks. If I have to, I'll do it. For the honor of the dear old flying school!"

There was an outburst of applause, and Helen cried, "But I'll look so silly! I'm two whole years older than Sleepy!"

"Don't you see—that's what makes it so terrific!" Kay cried.

"Oh, you've got to! For Lynn!" Ellen added dramatically.

Judy only smiled. It seemed as if the Society for the Suppression of Sleepy had the situation well in hand.

But even Judy wasn't prepared for the artistic effort Helen put into her pursuit of Sleepy. She thought she was hearing things when Helen, usually the most serious of her students, came out of the dining room one evening, batting her eyelashes and saying to Kay in an affected baby voice, "But honey-child, you *promised* to take little ol' me to the movies. Didn't you, huh? And you wouldn't break



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my little ol' heart, would you, precious? I'm mad about you, simply ma-a-ad! Honey, you send me!"

Then Judy heard Kay's crisp, "No, I think that's overdoing it a bit. And furthermore, what if he *doesn't* promise to take you to the show?"

Judy breathed a sigh of relief as she heard Helen answer, in her own voice, "Pooh! That's easy. I'll ask him. Of course he'll try to back out, and if he does . . ."

Now and then Judy saw Helen stalk off to the hangars with a do-or-die expression on her face, and return a moment later clinging to the arm of a most reluctant Sleezy. Wherever Sleezy went there was Helen, the do-or-die look successfully masked by one of adoration.

After less than a week of this, Sleezy vanished from the school scene. Helen was given a huge box of chocolates and a rising vote of thanks by the Society for the Suppression of Sleezy.

Whether Lynn had been as unaware of what was going on as she pretended, no one was quite sure. The Friday afternoon that Helen left the school, her private license in her pocket, Lynn approached her and held out a little package.

"It's nothing, really, Helen," she said shyly. "I just wanted to say thank you for—everything."

"Thank you, Lynn," Helen said. "And—we'll meet in the air someday. You'll see!"

Lynn's eyes shone. "I'm beginning to think I might get there," she said.

On Monday, Sleezy was back.

"Your girl-friend's gone and left you, honey-boy," Kay greeted him. But Sleezy didn't wince.

"She wasn't any girl-friend of mine," he said amiably. "So what's cookin', good-lookin'?"

"Good night!" said Kay, and fled.

A few days of Sleezy, and Lynn's new-found confidence took a nose dive. But this time Judy didn't call the SSS together.

"I've gone at this whole problem wrong," she decided. "There's a reason why Sleezy acts as he does. Suppressing him won't help. What Sleezy needs is a chance to work off all that steam. Well, can do. Sleezy becomes my right-hand man from now on."

The conversion of Sleezy from a pest to a person of importance around the flying school was Judy's private project. And it worked. She sent him on countless errands, asked his opinion now and then, and, instead of scrapping with him, treated him like a younger brother who knew lots of practical things about planes. And Sleezy loved it. He was so busy helping Judy that he didn't have time to make Lynn's life miserable, and her work improved steadily.

"Where did you learn so much about flying?" Judy asked him one day.

"Comes natural," mumbled Sleezy.

"You must have done quite a bit of it," Judy went on. When he grinned, she said, "I mean it, Sleezy. You couldn't possibly have picked up all that know-how from books."

"Books!" snorted Sleezy. "You can have your books!"

"Sleezy," Judy began, and stopped. Why, that was it, of course! How could she have been so stupid? Sleezy'd never been in a plane! She was sure of it. And it explained everything—his heckling of Lynn, who was able to take the flying lessons Sleezy'd give his eyeteeth to take, his everlasting hanging around the school, his pretending you didn't need lessons to know how to fly!

"Sleezy," she said, "next Sunday, if the weather's good, how about your going up with me?"

When she saw the eagerness in Sleezy's face, Judy looked away. "If you've nothing better to do," she added.

"I'll be here," Sleezy said gruffly, and went back to washing the plane.

The girls heard about Judy's invitation that evening, and Ellen made a wry face.

"Is this trip necessary?" she asked, her eyes twinkling. "Could you sorta drop the drip somewhere? Or at least give him the business?"

Judy laughed. "Sleezy won't bother you any more," she said.

"Oh, he never *did* bother me!" Ellen tossed her head.

Judy felt as if she herself were being airborne for the first time when she took off on Sunday afternoon with Sleezy in the student's seat behind her. Some of the wonder, some of the thrill Sleezy was feeling came back to her. This was no routine flight—this was sailing through the air on a magic carpet of dreams. Up, up, up—shoulder the clouds—leave the earth behind!

"Like it, Sleezy?" she called back to him.

"Gosh!" said Sleezy.

"Want to take the stick?" Judy asked when they had gained some altitude and leveled off.

"Who? Me?"

"Sure. You know what to do," Judy insisted.

"O.K. B-But . . ."

"I'll be right here, Sleezy. But I don't think you'll need me."

But no sooner had Sleezy taken the stick than Judy realized he didn't in the least know what to do. The plane went into an abrupt bank that had Judy's head reeling.

"Left rudder—left!" she ordered. "Don't jam it—the plane will fly itself if you let it!"

No answer from Sleezy, but the plane took a violent plunge to the opposite side.

"Sleezy, use your head!" After another lurch, Judy signaled that she would take over. She couldn't help it if his feelings were wounded. Talking flying and doing it were two different matters.

Nothing happened except that the plane continued to buck like a bronco. Suddenly the nose went up.

"Sleezy! The stick! Push it forward! Toward me!"

She threw a hurried look over her shoulder. Sleezy, his face the color of skim milk, his eyes half-closed, was clinging desperately to the stick!

Judy's face went white, too, as the plane stalled and the nose drove downward. Judy felt rather than saw the horizon revolve dizzily as the plane started to spiral downward.

"Sleezy!" she screamed. Then she socked him.

It was over in a second. When Sleezy's grip relaxed, Judy took over and fought to bring the plane under control. Sleezy, limp and stunned, clung to the seat. At less than a thousand feet Judy managed to pull the nose up, and the crazy spiral ended. She leveled off and flew straight back to the school.

They were entering the traffic pattern when Sleezy said in a subdued voice, "This was my first time up."

"Was it, Sleezy?" Judy managed a light tone. "I shouldn't have asked you to take over. But you've always talked as if you'd had all the flying instructions tucked away in your head for years."

"Bluff," said Sleezy. "Sheer bluff."

Judy got her signal from the field and headed into the wind.

"Look," said Sleezy, "you won't tell the girls?"

"There's nothing to tell," Judy assured him. "Do you think you're the first flier who's frozen to the stick?"

"Flier," said Sleezy, as though he were tasting the word. "Do you suppose you could make a flier of me? I'd work my head off, honest..."

"I couldn't. Rules, you know. But there are other teachers. If you really want to learn, why not get yourself jobs, save your money..."

"Odd jobs, here I come!" shouted Sleezy as the plane rolled down the runway.

The SSS was on hand, their eyes sparkling. When Sleezy had hurried off to hire himself out to Bob, Kay gave Judy a knowing look. Claire shook her head admiringly.

"We saw the whole thing!" Ellen chortled. "Boy, oh, boy, did you ever give him the business!"

Judy gulped. "Yes—didn't I?"

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Just clip the attached coupon and send for the CALLING ALL GIRLS questionnaire on teenage fun, food, cosmetics, and hobbies. Lots of fun to fill out.

We're giving ten prizes to the girls who fill out their questionnaires AND state, in twenty-five words or less, why they like CALLING ALL GIRLS. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality. You will find the place to write your twenty-five words on the questionnaire we send you. Questionnaires will be mailed to all girls whose requests for them are received by May 20, 1947. To be eligible for the contest, completed entries must be postmarked not later than midnight May 30, 1947.

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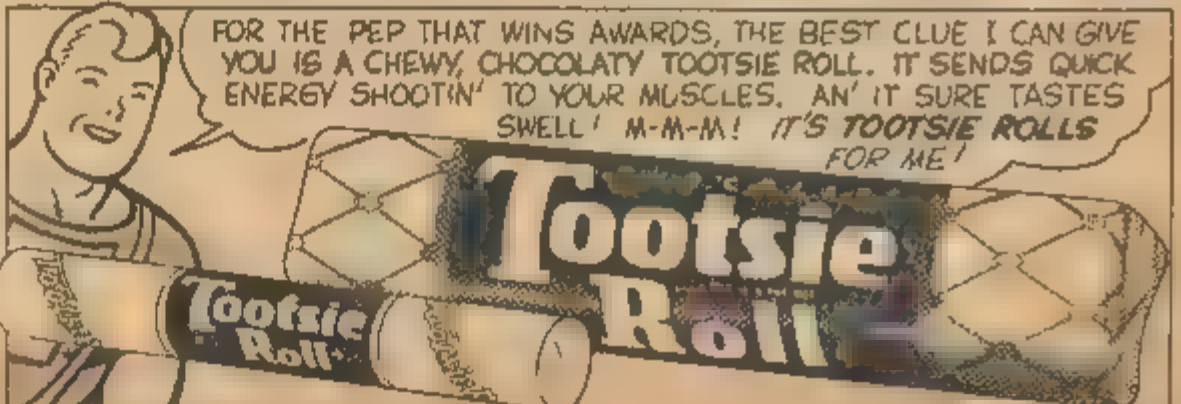
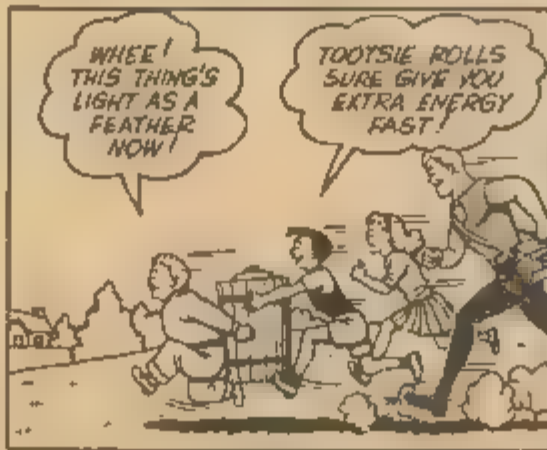
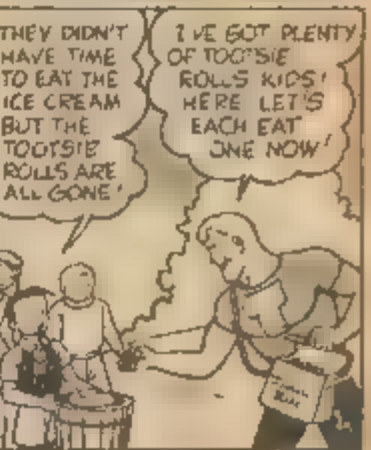
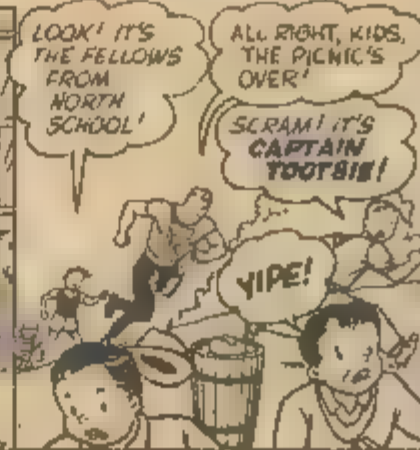
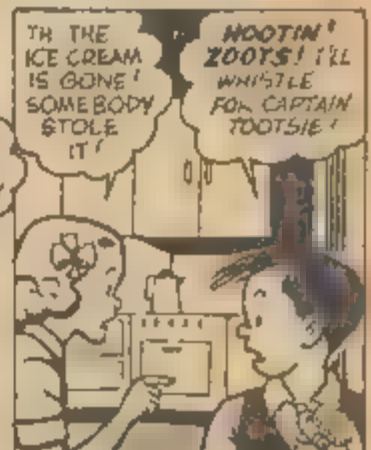
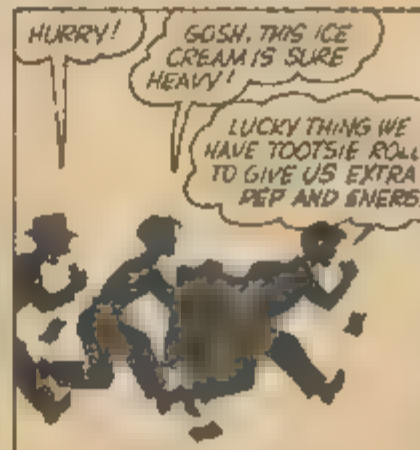
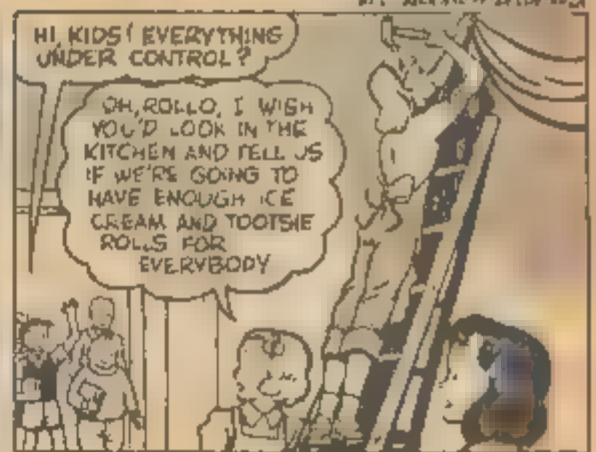
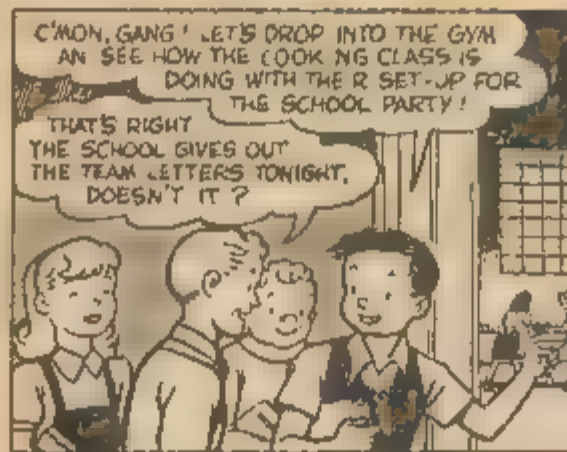
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BEAUTY Buy-words

This month we're going to chat about some products that are new, and some that are not. But you can be sure that all of them can contribute to a more attractive you. You'll find lots of helpful suggestions on other pages of the magazine, too. Items below are available at most drug or cosmetic counters. Prices are approximate; taxes are not included.

● Remember Grandfather's heavy gold hunting-case watch? You know, the kind with a hinged cover that



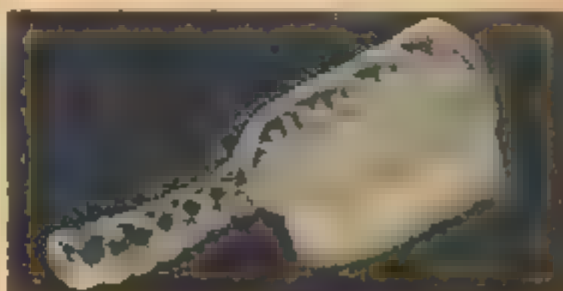
opens when you press the stem! Well, here's a new Wadsworth loose-powder compact just like it, and as tricky a one you've never set eyes on before. Each case is etched with a Victorian design—the Old Locomotive, Hearts and Flowers, or Stag at Bay—and a red ribbon fob attached turns the compact into a smart accessory. So tuck it in your pocket with the ribbon hanging out, pin it to your lapel, or slip it through your belt. Wherever you go it will be a conversation piece! \$3.00, tax free.

● Honestly—it's easy to stay on the road to skin beauty if only you'll give your skin regular, daily care. For those of you who've been careless lately, Harriet Hubbard Ayer's beauty kit, "The Ayer Way to Loveliness," makes it possible to start a complete and efficient routine for \$1.50. Inside the attractive pink and white box are five essential beauty aids—Luxuria Cream for cleansing, Night Cream for smoothing and softening, Beautifying Face Cream for aiding blemishes, Luxuria Face

Powder, and stimulating Skin Lotion.

And if you're looking around for an extra-special birthday gift for one of your friends, this Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty kit will bring happy thank-you's. It's a wise buy and a good beauty value.

● In case it's slipped your mind, springtime is here, lilacs are in bloom, and it's just about time for Mother's Day. To save you (and Dad!) from searching everywhere for something very special, we went shopping ahead of time and found just the gift to suit the occasion. For what could be more appropriate than Prince Matchabelli's Duchess of York Royal Ensemble? The three items, a sceptre bottle of cologne, a sceptre bottle of talc, and a miniature crown of perfume, are packaged together in a rich, aqua box. It's truly a lovely gift for a lovely lady. \$3.75.



● Every girl, even one with a smooth complexion, is apt to get blackheads and whiteheads in the crevices around her nose and chin. That's where this Pro-phy-lac-tic complexion brush comes in handy. Its soft, silky, white proton bristles create just the right amount of friction to whisk off dirt and oil accumulations. What's more, it stimulates while it cleanses, giving a natural, fresh glow to your skin. The one shown above is designed in a special tulip shape with a small handle, to make it easier for you to really get at those hard-to-clean trouble spots of your face. Available with jewel-like plastic backs in ruby, sapphire, and diamond-clear crystal. \$1.50, tax-free.

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27 PRIZES!
1st Prize - \$100 U.S. Bond
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Next 25 Prizes - Free pair of Jamboree jeans
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GIRL WITH A GOAL

(Continued from page 15)

took several of the parts herself. When the play was almost over, students were startled by loud, resounding applause. It came from the teacher, who had walked in unnoticed.

The story went through the school quickly and soon Ingrid's uncle heard about the incident. He wasn't pleased, but he gave permission to Ingrid to enter the Royal Dramatic Theatre School.

While there, she met a young medical student who encouraged her and gave her faith in herself. She turned to him for advice when one of the Swedish film companies offered her a contract before she had finished her studies. He suggested she work in films during the day and continue her studies at night.

This worked out so well that Peter Lindstrom continued to advise her. Soon they talked of marriage. When he became Dr. Peter Lindstrom, they were married. The wedding took place in 1937.

Offers began to come from foreign countries. One of the most persistent was from David O. Selznick in Hollywood. However, the actress decided to accept an offer from UFA in Berlin because it was closer to her home in Sweden. After the birth of her daughter, Pia, she went to Berlin for the picture. She found acting before cameras an exciting experience. So when David O. Selznick sent an emissary to Stockholm to persuade Miss Bergman to come to Hollywood, the actress was more receptive.

After her success in "Intermezzo," she made plans for her husband and daughter to join her in this country. As a Swedish doctor, Dr. Lindstrom would have to study in an American medical school. He selected the University of Rochester in Rochester, New York. They rented a typical two-story American house and Mrs. Lindstrom went about her housewifely tasks. She went away only when she had to work in a picture. Today, Dr. Lindstrom is practicing in Los Angeles.

Now at the peak of her career, as Joan Madou in Enterprise's film version of Erich Maria Remarque's "Arch of Triumph," and the toast of Broadway as Joan of Arc in "Joan of Lorraine," Ingrid Bergman still has her feet firmly on the ground. She threw herself wholeheartedly into her role in "Arch of Triumph." For it, she had her hair cut short with bangs. Never a smoker, she became a chain smoker for the picture.

Unlike Joan Madou, however, Ingrid Bergman is a woman who knows what she wants. She refuses to use make-up unless she must appear ill or unnaturally pale in a picture. No hairdresser has been able to give her a glamour coiffure.

Today, Miss Bergman is thoroughly American. She can jitterbug, she enjoys quantities of ice-cream and hamburgers, she chews gum on occasion, and she enjoys jive talk.



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TRICKS for TEENS

Customs in Costume Jewelry—Get a piece of fairly coarse chain, long enough to fit around your wrist, and paint it with bright enamel or nail polish. Fasten it together with a small padlock and attach the key to the chain—that is, if you want to be sure of taking the bracelet off later.—*Patricia Middleton, New Orleans, La.* If you can get your hands on an old purse made of plastic squares which isn't going to be used any more, take the squares apart and restring them for a nifty bracelet and matching belt. Just in case the squares look soiled, remember that plastic washes easily with soap and water.—*Frances Clark, Tall Timber, Md.*

Soft Candlelight—After you've collected a lot of candle ends, melt them in a small pan and pour the melted wax into gelatin molds. When the wax is partly cooled but not solid, put a small piece of wick from the old candles into the center of each mold of wax. The resulting candles are decorative and look lovely as a floating centerpiece if you put them in a shallow bowl of water.—*Betty Joan Bartlett, Lebanon, Ind.*

Purely Practical—For sock driers at no cost to you, take some wire clothes hangers and straighten them out—all except the hook. Reshape the wire to the size and shape of your socks. Make several pairs of these. You'll find that your socks dry faster and don't shrink.—*Caryl Gerhardt, El Monte, Calif.* If you have the problem of taking shoulder pads out of your dresses every time they have to be washed, here's a trick that may take a little time now but save you a lot of labor later. Sew small snaps in the three corners of the shoulder pad and the other part of the snaps onto the corresponding places in the shoulders of the dress. Just unsnap them when you want to wash the dress. The dress can be ironed better with them removed, too.—*Gloria Mielke, Seymour, Wis.* Rayon blouses have a way of slipping out from under your skirt bands. A strip of velvet ribbon or a bit of felt sewn into the inside of the belt band will go a long way toward keeping your shirt tails in and your skirt from twisting around.—*Alice Anne Bair, Minneola, Kans.*

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We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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At your favorite store



A LUNCHEON WITH OOMPH

(Continued from page 34)

simply dissolve 1 package in 1 cup of hot water and add 1 cup of cold water, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, and 1 teaspoon of salt. If you have to make your own, start by soaking 1½ tablespoons of gelatin in ¼ cup of cold water for a few minutes, dissolve it in 2 cups boiling water, add and dissolve ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, and ½ cup lemon juice. In any case, pour the hot liquid into a bowl or a melon mold you have swished out with cold water, set it in the icebox, and look at it every few minutes till it begins to thicken. Then fold in the salmon, peas, and pimiento. Let it chill firm.

Cucumbers in Sour Cream

Peel the green rind off a cucumber and slice it crosswise just as thin as you can. Dress the slices with 4 tablespoons of salted sour cream—the kind you buy at the grocery or the delicatessen—using it just as though it were mayonnaise. If you can get fresh dill, chop a teaspoonful of it and add it to the sour cream before you put it on the cucumber. Set in the icebox in a bowl to chill.

Pumpernickel Sandwiches

Buy the dark pumpernickel already sliced thin or get a loaf of dark pumpernickel and slice as thin

as you can. Pair them, butter one slice of each pair, close, and cut off the crusts. Stack and wrap in wax paper, then put in the icebox.

Melon Balls

Open and take the seedy pulp out of your melon. Scoop out the meat in round balls with a French-ball cutter. If you have both sizes of cutter, you'll save lots of melon meat by using them both because the small one will make balls out of stuff the big one leaves on the rind. Put the finished balls in a dessert dish or bowl and set in the icebox, covered, to chill till ready.

Lime Ice

Make a syrup by boiling 2 cups of water with 1 cup of sugar and the grated rind of 2 limes. Grate the rind right into the syrup, heat, boil 5 minutes, and set aside for a couple of hours with the rind still in it. Then strain and add ½ cup of lime juice and put it in the ice tray in the refrigerator. Let it freeze to a mush,

But you can't eat salmon mousse all summer good as it is. For other super fish salads, just as adaptable, just as much of a treat, and stuff to go with them, send for *Main-Dish Salads for Summer to Junior Housekeeping Department 41, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

which will probably take about an hour. Then stir it loose from the sides and bottom of the tray and fold in the well-beaten white of 1 egg. Return to the refrigerator and let it freeze hard.

Anything we've forgotten? Oh, yes, wash and put in the chiller or wrap gently in a damp cloth enough nice lettuce leaves to decorate your salad when you serve it. O.K., now forget the whole matter and go swimming.

Now! Ready? Lunch is practically seconds away. You whip into the kitchen and turn the salad mold upside down in the center of a round serving dish. Wring a clean dish towel out in very hot water and drape it over the mold. You put the sandwiches on their serving plate. You take out and shake dry the lettuce leaves. You get the melon balls into the dish you're going to serve them in and put it back into the icebox. Has the mousse come down onto the dish yet? If not, wring the towel out of hot water again and put it back around the mold. Just continue the treatment till you get results.

Then surround it with the cucumbers and lettuce leaves, get your beverage on the table—and lunch is served. Getting it on the table takes about 10 minutes!

When you're ready for dessert, simply spoon the lime ice over the melon balls. Simple, isn't it?

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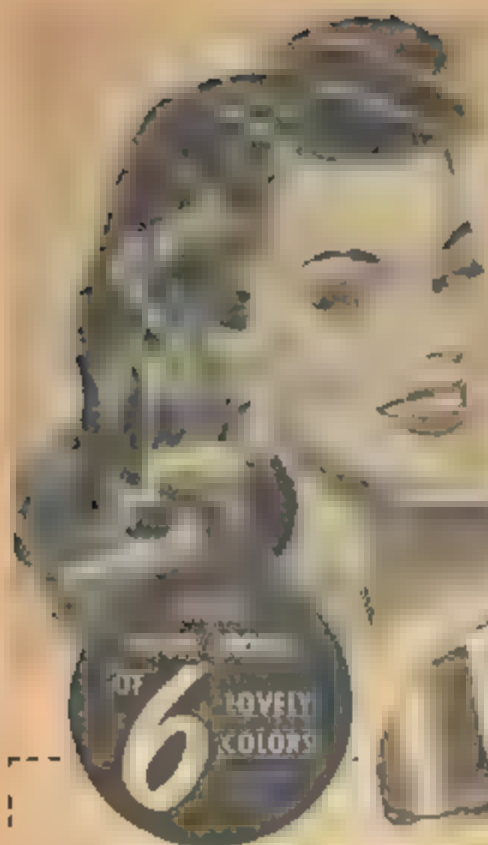
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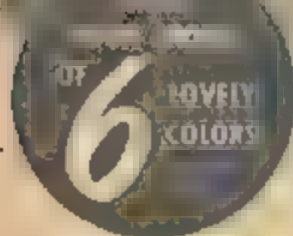
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ADVENTURE IN MEXICO

(Continued from page 27)

and leave it secretly on the desk as she went past . . . She'd have to go into the bathroom for that, but there was the excuse of combing her hair.

She walked toward the bureau where her purse lay. But as she moved across the room, Frieda Wills moved, too. She reached the bureau one step ahead of Tep. And she picked up both Sylvia's and Tep's purses.

"I'll take charge of these from now on," the woman said coolly.

The cold blue eyes that met Tep's in the mirror were derisive. "If you thought you could write another note," they seemed to say, "you were very much mistaken. This time you might not deliver it so conveniently to my accomplice."

What Frieda Wills actually said was, "You can finish your primping in the car. Come on. We'll carry our own bags. It's quicker."

And within five seconds they were out of the room and walking down the single flight of stairs to the lobby.

It was completely deserted at this early hour of the morning, except for the sleepy clerk behind the desk. Frieda Wills kept the girls close to her as she paid the bill, and then herded them ahead of her around the corner to the garage where their car was parked.

Tep recognized the Dolsons' station wagon, but under the circumstances there wasn't any use she could make of its presence. Grimly she concentrated instead on the job she had set herself.

With an appearance of meek submission, she began to stow the bags into the back seat. "I'll have to put this one in from the other side," she murmured after a minute, as if to herself.

Frieda Wills made no objection, and Tep walked around the car.

Swiftly she knelt down on the far side. With a single gesture she slipped the tack into place, its head flat on the ground and its point stuck against the rubber tread of the rear tire. Now when the tire turned forward . . . Tep stood up, opened the door, and put the bag inside.

Until they were on the outskirts of town, where slow-moving burros were carrying their early morning loads toward the market, Tep had some faint hope that they might actually still see the Dolsons in Ciudad Victoria. But once they were far from the hotel, she resigned herself to wait—and hope—for some results from her scheme.

She strained her ears, listening for the first faint rumble that might denote a flat tire. And she kept her hand on the door, so that she would be sure to feel the first faint jolt a flat might cause.

But the speedometer clicked off the miles, one after the other, and nothing happened. The sun came up, and the mists lay beautifully along the mountains, silvering the almost per-



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pendicular cornfields and the huge-leaved banana trees. Tep scarcely noticed. Perhaps the tack had been pushed aside before its point could get wedged into the tire, she thought. Or perhaps it had gone in, but simply wasn't long enough to reach the inner tube and do any harm. Perhaps . . . perhaps . . .

They passed through a tiny village of the thatched houses which—in the long-ago dream world of yesterday morning—Tep had thought so enchanting. Today she didn't even see them. She was imagining, with terrifying vividness, a scene wherein she and Sylvia were stood against a wall blindfolded and . . .

The car gave a lurch.

"What's the matter?" demanded that sharp voice from the back seat.

"I think we've got a flat tire," Sylvia pushed down the brake pedal carefully, and pulled the wallowing, unevenly-riding car over to the edge of the road.

Tep let out her breath in a long sigh. They would be delayed perhaps half an hour—longer, if she could manage it.

Sylvia was out of the car, and examining the right rear tire. "It's flat, all right. We've got a spare," she added slowly. "I suppose . . ."

"Well, put it on then. And quickly," Frieda Wills snapped.

"It's in the back with the tools," Tep said, climbing out. "We'll have to take out all the luggage first." And then she composed her telltale face, because Sylvia had looked at her with a puzzled air.

As slowly and awkwardly as she dared, Tep hauled out one bag and box after another. Sylvia's quick hands moved twice as fast, and Tep longed to be able to tell her to slow down. Finally the jack was free, and Tep put it under the rear axle. Laboriously—puffing between strokes—she pushed the handle up and down until the car lifted and the wheel was clear of the ground.

"Hurry up," Frieda Wills had climbed out of the car, too, and stood alongside, her hand casually in her pocket.

"The gun's there, but she isn't worrying about that so much any more," Tep thought. "She thinks we're lulled into—er—false security by that note from Cooper."

Sylvia knelt beside the hub cap and began to strain at the bolts.

"Wait a minute," Tep said frantically. Things were going too quickly. "I don't think the jack's under the car properly. I'd better take it down and start over."

"It looks all right," Frieda Wills objected impatiently.

"But if it should slip while the wheel's off, we'd never be able to lift the car again," Tep told her. And she began to lower the jack hastily, before Sylvia should have time to inspect it and declare it safe, as it was.

She was just beginning to lift the car once more, her weary arms aching, when a vehicle zipped past, slowed, stopped, and backed up. It was the Dolsons' station wagon.

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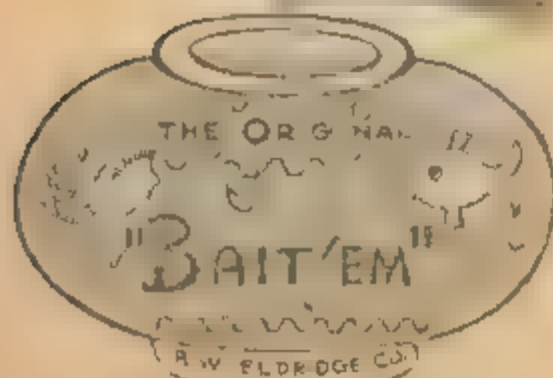
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Tep's heart began to pound. She had managed it!

The boys got out and walked toward them. For some reason Tep couldn't look directly at Dan just yet, but she felt his presence and Larry's as strongly as one can feel the sun coming out after a storm.

"Having trouble?" Larry's voice was cool, as Sylvia's had been the night before. And his face was red again. So was Dan's.

"I'm afraid so," Sylvia said. "But we can manage, I guess."

"Of course we can," Frieda Wills put in hastily. "Thank you, but . . ."

"Ever change a tire before?" Larry asked brusquely.

"Well, not exactly. I mean . . ." Sylvia's cheeks were almost as red as his.

"Yeah. I thought so. Come on, Dan."

"Hello," Tep said timidly, as the boys took over.

"Hello." But Dan didn't grin at her or wink or anything.

Tep and Sylvia stood aside, and the job began to move like lightning. Within a minute or two the old tire was off, and the new one was being pushed into place.

And suddenly Tep realized that within a few minutes they would be gone—without having been informed of the danger the girls were in at all. Panic clutched at her again with icy fingers.

Frieda Wills was standing so close—with that hand still competently in her pocket—that a whisper was out of the question. And she had Tep's purse under her arm, so a note was impossible, too.

"Why don't they notice something by themselves?" Tep wondered wildly. "Didn't they realize Sylvia and I were alone at the border?" And she began to stare intently at the boys, willing them to sense at least something of Sylvia's and her predicament.

A moment later Larry glanced over his shoulder. "You folks traveling together now?" he asked. "I thought at the border you . . ."

"Yes. These dear girls kindly consented to take me on with them when my car broke down," Frieda Wills interrupted, with her best aunt-like smile.

Tep thought that she might take advantage of the various lies the woman told. She might call her "Aunt Frances" now and see what happened. But she had a better idea than that.

"She's going to Mexico City, just as we are," she said to Larry. "If you've been there before, maybe you can give her and Sylvia some advice about it. Here—I'll help Dan with the bolts. I love to use wrenches."

Larry looked at her curiously, but when Sylvia murmured, "We'd be grateful for anything you could tell us," he got up and made way for Tep.

Kneeling beside Dan, she tried to plan her next move. If only the three others weren't standing so close to them . . . She opened her lips to whisper, and then realized it was too



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risky. She had never felt so futile in her life—to be so near to aid, and yet unable to ask for it.

A stricken face looked back at her from the single clean spot on the big chromium hub cap lying in the dust.

And then Tep almost fell backward with the shock of inspiration.

Swiftly she bent down and with her finger began to scratch words on the broad, dusty metal surface.

"I thought you loved to use wrenches," Dan said.

"Oh, yes. Yes, I do." She took the tool from him, and at the same time shoved the hub cap near his hand with a desperate pointing gesture. Then she applied herself to the bolts, not daring to watch him.

"There. The last one's tight," she said finally. Had he read her message, she wondered.

"You're sure?" Dan took the wrench and went over them again, with a maddening air of superiority. "You're right. They are." Then he reached for the hub cap and shoved it firmly into place.

Its gleaming, newly-dusted surface shone back at Tep mockingly.

Had he cleaned it automatically without noticing anything at all? Surely if he had read the words he would have given some sign.

Dan was getting to his feet, his back toward her. And then, quickly—almost too quickly for Tep to see—he swung to the right and grabbed the hand that Frieda Wills held so significantly in her pocket.

"What . . . ?" the woman began. Dan ignored her. "The girls seem to think this lady's toting a gun, Larry," he said casually. "And I must say they seem to be right. Take it out while I hold her."

"Take your hands off me!" Frieda Wills screamed. "You impudent little pup! Take your hands off!"

"Just a minute, ma'am," Larry said to her politely. He reached into the pocket against which Dan held that struggling hand.

Tep was limp. Just like that—as if it were nothing—Dan had seized the woman, and now she was being disarmed. They were safe! It was all over! Really all over, this time.

She was dimly aware that a little Mexican boy, his black eyes round as saucers under his big white hat, had emerged from the heavy jungle foliage along the road and was staring at them. With a crazy irrelevance she wondered what he must be thinking. Frieda Wills had said all Mexicans were stupid. Well, this one certainly had good reason to believe that foreigners were—well, certainly rather odd.

"Mr. Dolson! What are you doing?" Sylvia was demanding. Her face was chalky.

Tep found her voice. "It's all right," she said. "She's a criminal. She made us take her." She was babbling now. "It's been awful. We wanted to go with you last night, but she always had the gun. And besides . . ."

In her excitement she hadn't noticed the car sweeping near. But

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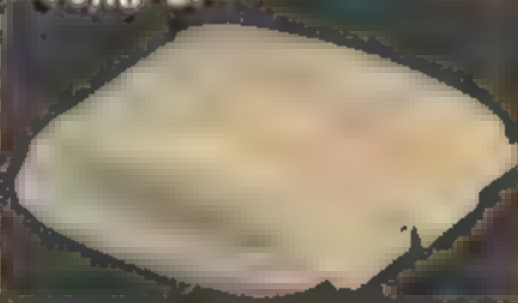
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when it squealed to a stop and Jay Cooper leaped out, she stopped dead.

"Oh, Mr. Cooper!" Sylvia exclaimed. "I'm so glad you've come. I know we weren't supposed to tell anybody who she was, but..."

"All right. All right, girls. I'll take over," he said calmly. "Come on, now..." He took Freida Wills' arm.

"He's from the FBI," Sylvia said excitedly to the Dolson boys. And they both stepped back quickly, looking puzzled.

"Oh, no! He..." Tep gulped. Jay Cooper's free hand was clamped around a heavy automatic. He had been pretending to point it toward Frieda Wills, but now—almost imperceptibly—he swung the gun toward Tep. "What were you going to say?" he inquired, looking straight at her.

"Er—er..." She must tell them. But her stiff dry lips wouldn't form the words.

Jay Cooper started toward his own car, taking his willing captive with him. But he walked sideways, and the gun still pointed at Tep.

Suddenly the little Mexican boy slipped across the road and jerked the man's sleeve.

"Neekel?" he said, smiling a wide, shy smile. "Neekel, please?"

"Get away!" Jay Cooper didn't even bother to glance at him. He merely brushed him aside with the hand that held the gun.

The edge of the butt caught the youngster's forehead. And the child stood dazed and incredulous for an instant before he slumped to the ground. Jay Cooper pushed the little huddled form aside with his foot and opened the door of his car.

"Why, you..." With a single bound Larry Dolson had crossed the distance that separated the two men. His fist swung in a short arc that ended on Jay Cooper's chin.

For one single instant Cooper looked as incredulous as the small Mexican had. And then, as if in awkward imitation of the child, he, too, fell forward into the dust.

"He's not from the FBI. They're both—criminals," Tep managed to say. The hot earth was billowing up toward her in great brown waves. She knew it would be absolutely silly to have three people lying alongside the Pan-American Highway, but that couldn't be helped. She was going to faint.

When she came to again, several brisk young men in uniform were just getting ready to drive away in the Barretts' sedan. Freida Wills and Jay Cooper were wedged tightly between two of them, on the back seat.

"Where are they?" Tep murmured.

"You O.K.?" Dan Dolson was bending over her.

"I guess so."
"Swell." He was helping her to her feet. "Take it easy. Over this way." The station wagon was in front of her. "We're all going to ride in our car as far as the next town. Those boys—" He jerked his thumb toward the uniforms—"are from the army post near-by, and all they had

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11-18

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was a jeep. There are army posts all along the road, you know—left over from the days when Mexico was full of bandits. But we wanted your friends to be comfortable—and behind glass." And he winked at her as he had once before, so long ago.

Why, no, Tep thought wonderingly. It wasn't long ago at all. It was only yesterday morning.

"Are they—really arrested?"

"Sure, they're arrested—anyway, they're under custody to await questioning. These boys are smart. They've been on the lookout for them. You'll probably get a medal."

He went on, explaining something about having driven up to get the soldiers himself, while Larry stood guard, and how swiftly they had been on the job.

But Tep was looking at Frieda Wills' face, distorted with fury.

"She said all Mexicans were stupid," she murmured. "But then, I made one mistake, too. I thought Jay Cooper was nice at first. What Sylvia always tells me is true—I shouldn't jump to conclusions. But I was right about her. And I said the Dolsons were nice, too. So..."

"What are you muttering about?" Dan asked. "If you're just saying you want your breakfast, don't worry. That's where we're headed now. This kid is hungry, too." He put his arm around the Mexican boy who had asked for a "neekel"—and received something so very different.

"Is he all right?" Tep asked.

"Sure he is. They're tough, too, these folks." He looked at Tep and then away again. "You're pretty tough yourself."

Tep remembered that just before she had fallen asleep the night before, she had imagined Dan Dolson saying to her, "You're a wonderful girl." Well—it was almost the same thing. Anyway it was near enough so that she blushed.

"Did you say you were going to Mexico City, too?" she asked politely, to cover her embarrassment.

"That's right." Dan looked at her again then, and he was blushing too. "The ruins Larry wants to study are right near-by. I'm going to school there—place run by a man named Cameron."

The Cameron School! Why, that was where Sylvia was going to teach, where Tep herself would be enrolled.

For the first time since she had heard the name Frieda Wills, Tep thought to herself, with a rush of joy, "This really is going to be the most wonderful year in our whole lives."

Suddenly she wanted to tell Sylvia that, and she turned quickly. But Sylvia was talking to Larry with such absorption that she didn't notice Tep's gesture toward her.

"Oh, well." Tep swung back again, and with a little smile she put her arm on top of Dan's, across the little Mexican's thin shoulders. "Oh, well. I guess she knows it anyway," she said to herself.

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